

The TATLER

Vol. CXXII. No. 1591.

London, December 23, 1931

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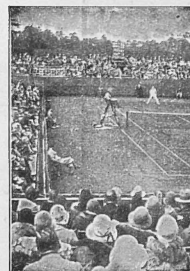
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The TATTLER

Vol. CXXII. No. 1591. London, December 23, 1931

POSTAGE: Inland, 11d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 13d.; Foreign, 24d.

Price One Shilling



MAURICE CHEVALIER AND MISS MARLENE DIETRICH

Europe's gift to American talkies is, "photographically recorded in this off-stage picture of Maurice Chevalier and the engaging German film star chatting on a "set" at Paramount Studios, where they are both under contract. It was not till after the advent of sound, on the screen that these two famous public benefactors went to Hollywood. Marlene Dietrich, most fascinating of "vamps," who was over here for the première of "Morocco" some six months ago, has the perfect voice for recording and speaks English splendidly. Her latest picture is "Shanghai Express," while marvellous Maurice's new one is "One Hour With You"



THE MIDNIGHT BALLET PARTY: H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE, LADY ASHLEY, MRS. ARCHIE CAMPBELL, AND MRS. PETER THURSBY

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was also present at the Midnight Ballet Party at the Carlton Theatre in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital. The theatre was kindly lent by Paramount Pictures. Judging by the size of the "house" the financial result must have been as satisfactory as the artistic one—and that is saying a lot

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.
WELL, friend, I looks towards you, and may you have as good a Christmas as you deserve. Personally I'm feeling pretty festive, but these last few days are always rather harassing.

For instance, will Aunt Mary see through the boiled sweet jar, very faintly disguised by daubs of paint and a pink bow and filled with pungent soda to match—which was raffled on to me at a bazaar? Then, having just despatched that comprehensive tome, "The Perfect Hostess," to Hester, I find that she's been expelled from home by her husband for being a bit too hospitable.

It's all very difficult, isn't it? Still, I've enjoyed my present buying. For one thing, the vendors are so gloriously polite these days, and in addition it's obviously



ALSO AT THE MIDNIGHT BALLET: THE HON. ANTHONY ASQUITH, LADY OXFORD AND ASQUITH, AND LADY CAROLINE PAGET

This was only one of the many "parties" which forgathered at the Carlton Theatre for the Midnight Ballet in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. Other parties were taken by Lady Howard de Walden (President of the Midnight Ballet Party), the Duchess of Westminster and Sir Julien Cahn (Vice-Presidents), Mrs. James Horlick and Mrs. Dudley Ward (Joint Chairmen), and Mrs. I. M. Sieff (Vice-Chairman)

The Letters of Eve



Lenore

THE RIGHT HON. WALTER RUNCIMAN

The President of the Board of Trade was reluctantly compelled to decline Government aid in the matter of the building of the new giant Cunarder—"at present." But there is usually a way through or round any fence that seems unjumpable, and this way, let us hope, will be found early in the New Year

such an awfully good idea to spend as much money as one can possibly spare. Things have been none too rosy for the shops, but I've seen so many parcel-hung people just lately that I can't help thinking results will be better than were expected.

* * *

Talking of politeness, listen to this, my dear, and never tell me again that good manners are a waste of time. A man I know took the trouble to find out the names and addresses of all the 'bus drivers and conductors on a certain route so that he could send them each a pheasant for Christmas "out of gratitude for their unflinching courtesy and consideration." Rather nice, don't you think?

Now for the other side of the picture. I've just heard of somebody who, pursued from pillow to post-box with unwanted invitations, has decided to respond to them with printed post-cards bearing this discouraging message: "Is it likely?"

But enough of this meandering; I must now get down to real reporting business. The Midnight Ballet party for Queen Charlotte's Hospital went awfully well, and it had the largest committee ever known; but then, of course, Mr. Seymour Leslie is wonderfully tactful.

Being under the eye of the Princes gave the affair a tremendous fillip, and as to the rest of the audience, my dear, grand isn't the word. Boring as it is, I suppose I must give you a list of names. Well, the Chairmen, Mrs. Dudley Ward and Mrs. James Horlick, and their "Vice," Mrs. Sieff, all had parties in the Royal Circle, which also housed Lady Lisburne, Sir Julien Cahn, Lady Howard de Walden, Lady Douro (whose two songs made a hit), Lady Wimborne, Sir Samuel and Lady Sophie Scott, and heaps more.

In the stalls one saw such "Tatler" faces as Lady Mildred

Fitzgerald, Lady Ancaster, Lady Juliet Duff, Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, Mrs. Euan Wallace, Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, and all the prettiest girls in London were selling programmes.

Besides having this galaxy to look at there was the first film showing of Ralph Lynn. Up to *Mischief*, followed by a good programme of ballet. Then we were let loose on the stage to dance and sup. I was under the impression that this part of the night's entertainment was the most popular of all. Anyway, the wonder bars were kept busy till 4.30 a.m.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. VIVIAN

Photographed at a recent jump meeting. Captain Vivian is a member of the select band of Gentlemen Riders and his wife goes racing as often as possible

We shall be well away with Christmas house-parties by the time you get this. Sir Michael Duff is having a big one at his home in Wales, and one member of it is certain to be a success, that is Miss Diana Mainwaring. Lady Mainwaring's pretty eldest daughter is a particularly popular person, and has been in great demand at the "sub-deb." dances given during the last week or two.

These parties for "near outs" are a new feature in London life and great fun. It's certainly a sound idea to give the young things a preliminary canter, though many of them, not due to make their curtsies till next summer, have already acquired enough poise to get them anywhere!



LADY WINTERTON

An unconventional portrait of the wife of the sixth Earl Winterton, who was the Hon. Cecilia Wilson before her marriage and is Lord Nunburnholme's only sister. Her husband has been Member for Horsham since 1904, and is an ex-Under-Secretary of State for India



AT A MIDLAND RACE MEETING

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Carr and Mr. A. C. Bristow were among those who attended last week's Nottingham 'Chases'. Mr. Carr is the famous Notts county cricketer and ex-England captain. Mr. Bristow used to ride a lot of races as an amateur and headed the list on the flat in 1919

Mrs. Eben Pike, better known as Olive Snell, the portrait painter, has an attractive budlet daughter for whom she is entertaining this Christmas. But then she is always entertaining, I mean to talk to, and I was much amused to see her the other night using the back of a menu card to make hasty notes of the features of young Miklos Swalb, the brilliant Polish pianist, who was playing to us. What fun to be able to draw like that!

Lady Queensberry is another artist whose talent is extremely enviable. She lately put it to a rather original use, having embellished the invitations to a children's party with the portraits of the three little hosts, her son and daughter and Colin Campbell, Mrs. Archie Campbell's near-two-year-old.

This was only one of the several to-do's given for the very young last week. Mrs. Malcolm Sargent had a splendid fancy dress affair, and Lady Pearson's Sally has been a hostess too.

* * *

That "battle hats" take some wearing was clear to me when reviewing some in close formation at the Dorchester restaurant. If too anxious to be smart and tipped to excess they give the impression of being kept on by suction. There was a good fawn one bolstered up with brown, and another all purple fixed with an amethyst and diamond brooch.

Lady Carisbrooke, in black and white, was with the Grand Duke of Hesse and his son. Constance Duchess of Westminster was up on the inevitable shopping expedition, and Mrs. Sofer Whitburn too. Also Mr. Montagu Parker, debonair as ever.

It's an inevitable practice of mine to keep my ears open, and after lunch I overheard an American voice summing up Mr. Winston Churchill's unfortunate accident thus: "Wall—your Winston has been most things, but I never thought he'd be a 'jay-walker' in New York City!"

(Continued overleaf)

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

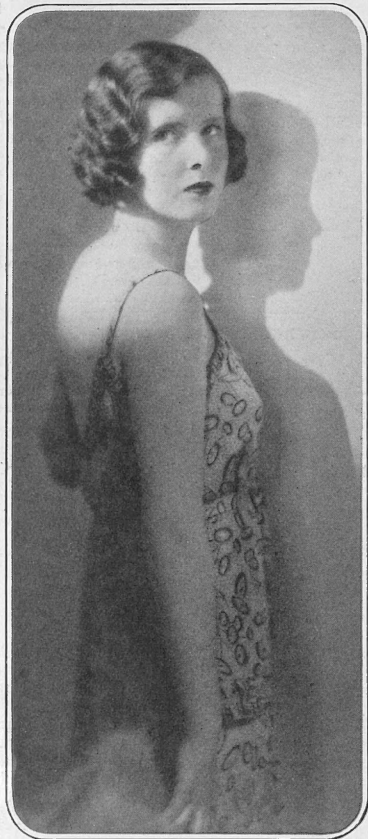
When the Arts Theatre Club stages a "revel" it's usually worth going to, so I "seaped" in there on that Sunday night, full of expectations. A weird entertainment this time, but rather exciting. For one turn we had Menaka, the very high-born Hindu dancer and her partner. They are super exponents of the school founded by von Laban, which insists that music should be secondary to dancing, and that movement should spring from instinct (and apparently the tummy) rather than from tradition. All very wiggly woggly, but distinctly fascinating in spite of

grotesquely reddened hands and feet.

Next the programme promised Francis Lederer in "a few songs." Well, this astoundingly attractive young man walked on to the stage and coolly delivered a long and entirely obscure essay on personality. This went on for ages and ages, interspersed by repeated demands for more light (which were not granted) so that he could better see his audience. One wondered why?

* *

Perhaps it was to discover the whereabouts of the Secretary of the Czecho-Slovakian Embassy at whom he ultimately aimed, "I'm in Love," sung in the victim's own language. We'd had it in English and very naughty French first. Then Mr. Lederer gave us, quite beautifully, "Passers By," a new one on me, and subsequently this obstinate



Lenore

ENGAGED: MISS VIVIEN ST. GEORGE

The engagement of Miss Vivien St. George to Mr. Alexander Frank Stanley-Clarke, 1420 Hussars, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Stanley-Clarke, D.S.O., M.V.O., Scots Guards, and Mrs. Stanley-Clarke of Brookside House, Avenue, Gloucester, was announced on December 14. Miss Vivien St. George is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bligh St. George of Coombe House, Kingston Hill

Esmond went and hid himself at the back of the dress circle.

Esmond Knight, a nephew of the golden eagle expert, created a diversion by bringing his bird—a falcon I hasten to add. The in-compre-able Naunton Wayre was in roaring form, and as to the Western Brothers on the Bright Young People:

They played at hide and seek in sewers down the Strand;
It was too too marvellous.

It certainly was.

More Irish news. I need hardly say that Lady Holm Patrick comes into this, though unfortunately as an invalid. Before going sick she had put in a tremendous lot of work for the theatricals in aid of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association. Everyone was dreadfully sorry that she could not

appear and, in consequence, her play was off. Miss Loughbridge was quite enchanting in her singing of Irish songs unaccompanied. The appeal of these melodies is unrivalled, but the feat of tuning-in correctly without outside aid must be considerable. Miss Loughbridge's effortless management of her voice lends countenance to the rumour that she was offered a huge sum to come and sing in London—that she refused is difficult to believe these hard times!

All the right people were in the audience. To wit—Mrs. Plunket from St. Anne's, Mrs. Newbold, Mrs. Lindsay Fitzpatrick and her niece, Mrs. "Atty" Perse (surely one of the nicest and most attractive persons), also Mrs. Morrogh Ryan and her daughter Mollie, Lady Dunsany, and Lady Greer. She was accompanied by her little grand-daughter, who had a job of work to do; this was selling programmes, and very sweet she looked doing it. There seems no doubt that the good looks available on both sides of the family have come her way.

Altogether it seems to have been a splendid evening and some of the acting extra special. Miss Holland, two Miss Moores, and a couple of Colleys commended themselves specially to eye and ear.

By the way, it's excellent news that Sir Harry Greer is getting on so well after his operation. Lady Greer was, of course, very busy answering inquiries.

Engagements rumoured and fixed fill the Irish air with gossip. Mr. Cyril McCormack is one of the people involved, and I'll leave you to guess whom to! It's good to know his famous father has taken on Moore Abbey for another term of years.

Mr. Harry Talbot-Clifton, too, will shortly be lifting a young lady well known in hunting circles; then there is something brewing in Kildare, but details are secret at present.

Shooting parties are planned and happening all over the country. Lord FitzWilliam is at Coolattin for the purpose, and Lord Oranmore and Browne has a party fixed for early next month. The Carton syndicate have nothing to complain of, sport being excellent.

It has just been decided not to have a Melton Ball this season, thereby adding to the endless tale of cancelled "do-ments." Can't help thinking an effort ought to have been made to hold it, if only as a local benefit. Of course the residents feel rather relieved at being freed from the necessity of asking a party, feeding it, watering it (so to speak), and mounting it next day. Rather hard on the young, though (not to mention the trade victims). Mrs. Vere Chaplin has a good-looking débutante daughter; Miss Brenda Alexander had her first fling last winter, and Major and Mrs. Jack Harrison, as usual, have another "bud" coming on.

As it is, there is very little night-life occurring, except for poker parties in a quiet way. Miss Monica Sheriffe is much in demand, being a fine gambler. Lady Wodehouse plays a good deal too; she has not been well enough to hunt, but often mounts her friends. Everyone is delighted that Captain and Lady Kathleen Rollo have taken a house for the rest of the season. She is full of courage and I'm more than ready to believe the story that she made her first solo flight the day after an alarming motor smash, to make certain she had not lost her nerve!

An all-important question has at last been answered, Gertrude Lawrence and her band of confederates having quite convinced us that a leopard cannot go platinum, as it were. Such a sell for the school of thought which believed that this new play at the Haymarket had something to do with tinned foods! All great fun, and I was enchanted with the *mèche* streak or bandeau of yellow hair which now adorns the leading lady's auburn locks. A new vogue I understand.

Prince Arthur of Connaught gave the *première* his patronage, and was obviously amused. Another excitement was the presence of Adolphe Menjou and wife. I heard several people insisting, poor mutts, that she was Evelyn Laye; there certainly is a resemblance. By the way, someone told me that when Adolphe went to *Cavalcade* the other night he was so affected that he had to borrow Mrs. Menjou's *mouchoir*.

Marie Tempest and her husband, freed from a rather unpopular Russian régime, were there, and the former, when the time came for departure, seemed not a little annoyed because her car failed to appear. I left for the Midnight Ballet party while the Tempest was still raging.

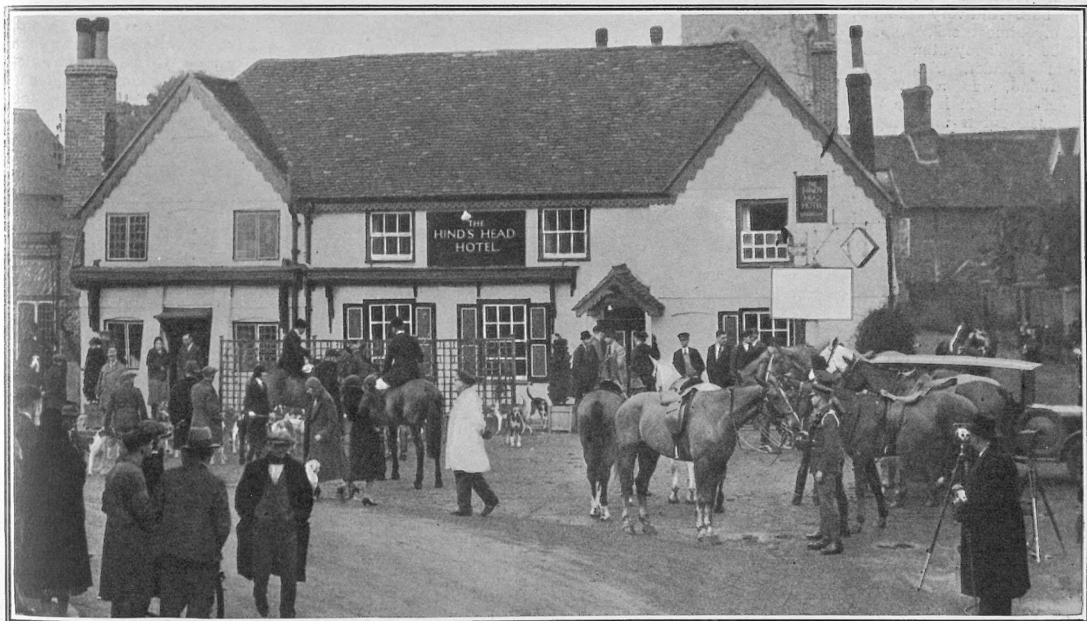
I mustn't forget to remind you that the Chelsea Arts Ball is most certainly *not* among the list of cancelled prancing parties, and will take place as usual on New Year's Eve at the Albert Hall. It's likely to be better fun than ever, they tell me.—Best love, EVE.



THE BUCCLEUCH AT HARDEN CASTLE, HAWICK

R. Clapperton

The Joint Master, the Earl of Dalkeith, the Duke of Buccleuch's son and heir, is seen in the foreground talking to some of his field. Harden Castle is associated with Auld Wat of Harden, who was of the fine flower of Border Rieverdom, and flourished before Border warfare degenerated into that which later it did. The Buccleuch are one of the finest packs of hounds in the British Isles



THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE DRAGHOUNDS AT THE HIND'S HEAD HOTEL, BRAY, NEAR MAIDENHEAD

The Household Brigade Drag is quite an old establishment, as it dates back to 1863, and it was established by the then Lord Garlies. Since that time a great number of other distinguished people have been its masters, including a brother of the Iron Duke, Lord A. Wellesley (1870). The kennels are at Windsor, and the hunt coat is dark grey—same like John Peel's!

The Cinema : Kinds I Like

By JAMES AGATE

OF all things made by the hand of man the ship is the most magical. Always excepting sealing-wax, and it was not without intent that Lewis Carroll coupled the two together. I was horribly shocked one day last summer when my seaside offer of a boat, complete with two sails and costing the whole of eighteenpence, was turned down by some glamorous tot in favour of an inflatable elephant. This, said the tot, when it collapsed, was like grandma sitting down on a sofa. This reason for preference half mollified me, but mollification was not complete until it occurred to me that my little niece was not my nephew. To women, of course, ships have never meant anything, and there can, I think, never be women sailors. Women police—m'yes! Alder-women, conceivably! But lady-bo-suns, hardly! Masculinely considered, the glamour continues even when the ships and their owners are both grown-up. A yacht with the sun glinting on its sail is to me the symbol of all human happiness, yet I can conceive no greater misery than to spend the day bobbing up and down on those trim planks. There are people who spend holidays on the Broads and appear to enjoy it, though viewed from the land such a holiday would appear to consist entirely in being moored to some mud-bank and washing up yesterday's pots. But say that such a boat does eventually take the large, as the French put it. Even so, what is there to do but glide? Shall I confess that the glamour for me has always consisted in the view of the thing rather than the thing itself, and particularly in some writer's expression of that view? Almost my favourite Shakespearean quotation is Othello's "Here is my journey's end, here is my butt, And very sea-mark of my utmost sail," though to be frank my utmost sail, from London Bridge to Southend, was a revolting experience! It is true that I once went from Liverpool to Marseilles. But this again struck me as being merely a railway-journey upon water without anything to see through the carriage-windows. Then again I confess to having once travelled on a giant-liner, but principally so that I could write to my bank-manager who had raised some quibble about an overdraft: "Dear Sir,—When you receive this I shall be on board the *Berengaria*. Yours affectionately, and so forth. P.S. I'm getting off at Cherbourg."

The great thing about ships from the film-maker's point of view is that they make the finest of all material. It is a commonplace of the studio that the world's finest movie-actor is the sea, and it has come to be pretty generally recognized that the finest *mise-en-scène* is provided by:

Ships on the crumpled sea sailing so grand.

This line of magnificent poetry is to be found embedded in some doggerel inscribed on the walls of some seaside *camera obscura*, though I forget at which seaside resort. I adore all those films in which Mr. George Bancroft, stripped to the ankles, is tied to a mast while down or up the companion-hatch appears Mr. Noah Beery running his fingers through a cat-o'-nine-tails and with the joy of execution in his eye, while grouped conveniently around, thirsty for gore and with buckets for the collection thereof or for the sluicing of the victim, stands the ship's crew. *For Weal or Woe* is the generic title of such pictures. But the thing never happens, since now from the lee-scupper approaches Miss Daphne Dill spotless in organdie and vowing that if Bancroft be allowed to resume his clothing her snowy

bosom shall be Beery's. At this moment a typhoon the like of which Conrad never dreamed, shivers, or is belike to shiver, the timbers of the *Saucy Sal* from Singapore, which springs a leak and a terrible quantity of water—nobody knows where the Warner Brothers get it from!—floods the chart-room, which causes Mr. Beery to fall overboard. Whereupon it is suddenly dawn in a pellucid, palm-fringed, and Polynesian bay. Daphne finds a better home for her bosom, and in a pink light the Wurlitzer floods the house with melodious bilge. Now that is the kind of film I thoroughly enjoy. Much less is my liking for films which take the sea seriously, though *Rich Man's Folly* at the Plaza is an exception. This is a film about a gross ship-builder, beautifully played by Mr. George Bancroft, and his sensitive little son. The problem here is one of winds and waters but of human relations. This film is highly recommended and well worth a visit.

Two other kinds of films enchant me. An example is *A Gentleman of Paris*, showing at the New Gallery, in which

a French judge tries a former mistress on a charge of murder. The judge knows perfectly well that the lady did not commit the murder, for the reason that he saw somebody else do it. One can hardly imagine a learned English judge holding that to be insufficient grounds for proceeding with the trial. But in France they order these things differently if not better. The French judge goes on with the trial because to proclaim what he knows would compromise the wife of the prosecuting counsel! However, he does his best by making his summing-up take the form of a convincing speech for the defence, whereupon the jury find the prisoner guilty. Wherefore, to coin a new word, the judge, seeing that a joke can be carried too far, declines to pronounce sentence of death, discharges the prisoner, and orders the arrest of the prosecutrix, after which he and his better nature make majestic exit. This kind of nonsense enraptures me, as it doubtless enraptured Mr. Arthur Wontner and Miss Sybil Thorndike who enact it. But the kind of film upon which I dote most is concerned not with the ocean or the law, but with the boxing ring.

A boxing drama, entitled *The Iron Man*, has just been generally released, and its plot is as follows: "Lew Ayres is a lightweight fighter whom Robert Armstrong, as Regan, a boxing promoter, has picked up. Ayres is deeply in love with his wife, Rose—Jean Harlow—a flighty show girl who frequents speak-easies. When Ayres loses his first big fight Rose is disgusted and leaves him. Later she returns; but the boxing promoter, knowing her history, insults her, and there is a permanent break between promoter and boxer. Rose engages her lover as her husband's manager, with the result that the young fighter is improperly trained and handled for his next big fight. Meanwhile he learns that the new trainer's wife has named Rose as co-respondent in a coming divorce action. He goes into the ring a beaten man, but his old trainer comes to the rescue." I am indebted for this plot to this film's Press Representative, who informs me that "mention of the above will be appreciated." I have mentioned the above, and now await the appreciation. May I say that I like my cigars *Claro* and of the 4s. 6d. size? It is, of course, a matter of purely academic interest that in my view champagne cannot be too dry. That this article should appear on the eve of Christmas I regard as a wholly regrettable coincidence.



BASIL DEAN'S DISCOVERY: PRETTY ISLA BEVAN

The A.R.P. Studios, Ltd., of which Basil Dean is one of the managing directors, have every reason to take their hats off to him for having found this clever young film actress, Isla Bevan, who is in "Nine to Six," the first film to be produced at the brand-new studios at Ealing.

THE ROUND SHOWS



MISS FAY COMPTON (DICK WHITTINGTON) AND MISS YVETTE ANNING (PRINCESS) IN THE GLASGOW PANTOMIME



Stage Photo Co.
"DR."
LESLIE
HENSON
IN
"IT'S A
GIRL"



THE RIEFFENACHS AT BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS

Bertram Mills' mammoth show at Olympia is always one of the big Christmas draws, and this year is as good as ever, and, if testimony ever were necessary, shows yet once more how popular this form of "divertissement" is with the groundlings (and others). "Panem et circenses" used to be a favourite remedy for any political spots of bother in the days of ancient Rome, and it still might work if properly applied. The Rieffenachs are bare-back riders. Miss Fay Compton, surely one of our most versatile actresses, has again gone into pantomime, but unluckily for London is busy showing Glasgow how Dick Whittington should behave. Mr. Leslie Henson looks as if he is having the time of his life as a doctor in "It's a Girl," which opened at the Strand Theatre on December 22



(and right)
JAKE
ERLICH
AND
PARTNER
AT THE
OLYMPIA
CIRCUS



WITH THE EGLINTON AT AUCHINCUIVE BRIDGE

Hugh Thomson

Mrs. Arthur of Rosemount, Ayrshire, who is an aunt of Lord Glenarthur, and the Hon. Mrs. Godfrey-Corbett, who is a daughter-in-law of Lord Rowallan. Mrs. Arthur has hunted with this famous Scottish pack for more than fifty years

From Leicestershire

Monday at Willowby was a completely scentless day. Some unenterprising foxes were chased round the Willowby Spinnies, one finally going away to the back of Wymeswold. During the ten minutes this chase lasted there was a record amount of trouble—two girls were caught in one wire cage, and the Master's wife, amongst others, reappeared plastered with mud; not very astounding, as she said the horse turned three somersaults over her. So many heavy-weights crossed the bridge at Ella's first time away, that when we returned there was a doubtful plank. Our super-heavyweight dismounted to cross—a dangerous proceeding as he might so easily have gone through instead of his horse!

Tuesday at Loddington provided a good morning round the Tilton Hills and an amusing circle from Orton Park in the evening, when the disconsolate field left at Owston had caught up. One fond mother having hopped for fifteen minutes trying to remount, had a good deal to say to the son who had left her when we returned on our tracks.

On Friday the Quorn, after a dullish morning in the Scrapfold Botany Bay country, provided a real screamer from the infallible Barkby Holt in the afternoon. Hounds raced for thirty minutes, finishing just outside Leicester. We all thought Betty moved beautifully over the ridge and furrow.

Saturday from Burton was again scentless, although a local paper said the foxes ran in circles all day over the flats for the benefit of the Prime Minister. Clever foxes! We presume our best heavy-weight removed his bridle on his buttons when his horse dived into the ditch—better, perhaps, than removing his buttons on his bridle.

From the Beaufort

Sport for the week has only been of a moderate character. On Tuesday from Avering we were kept busy galloping over the walls, and on Wednesday the Swangrove foxes were given a good bustling, and hounds ran very fast at times. Tom managed to account for a brace. Poor Diana, we were sorry you were sent home, but hope the gallant Captain who accompanied you helped to console you. The best gallop (short and sweet) was from Ham Wood on Friday to Doddington, and on to the Baron's abode. Plenty of grief, and we hope the captain from Didmaston will send Monica a new bowler for Christmas! Burghie has been a notable absentee this week having to be in

From the Shires and Provinces

London, and we are glad to hear his lady wife is going on well after her operation for appendicitis. But Charles has done his best to try and cheer us up a bit, and we want it, too!

Are we going to have a point-to-point? Rumour has it "No," but let's hope we are not to be denied this annual popular fixture. No one is more missed from our field than Len, and we hope ere long a horse may be found to carry him to the front once more. As stated before, we congratulate the energetic young ladies on getting up the ball for January 31, but we think the charge is rather excessive; it won't suit some of the "lads," no, Pop! Westonbirt School is in tears at losing its most popular head mistress (Mrs. Craufurd) at the end of this term.

From the Fernie

The first touch of frost followed by sunshine gave the large field out at Fleckney the necessary impetus for a good hunt. Everyone was keyed-up, but the fates decided otherwise, and except for a brief burst from Peatling all other strongholds failed. A most disappointing day, especially for Peaker, who worked hard to find a fox. Silk hats were much favoured by the fair sex, also grey hunters. The young Diana who took a dangerous looking toss at the first fence pluckily started in pursuit of her erring mount, and having captured him went into action again. Hers was not the only loose horse. May the Wiston coverts soon respond again after lying so long dormant. The amicable settlement has given much satisfaction. Captain Beadon was on the spot to see all was well.

There was a brilliant assembly at Billesdon on the Thursday; this historic meeting point, famous in the annals of fox-hunting, bringing visitors from far and near. Mrs. "Charlie" Menzies, Master of the Berwickshire, was conspicuous amongst a host of hunting celebrities.

Sport was excellent. A Tamboro fox set the pace over the old Frisby point-to-point course, giving pleasure to an eager field. "Guy's" horse was very much in front of his bridle, and in the narrow ways he could only caution those ahead of him to "keep straight" while he shot past. The milk-white steed of the stately American lady attracted attention. Aeroplane hunting, let us hope, may not become popular, as

(Continued on p. 492)



WITH THE DUHOLLOW: MISS PHILIPPA LEAHY

Longfield

It is not very often that the camera manages to be there when hounds roll their fox over, but it happened in this case as the snapshotter arrived in time to get them as they broke him up. Miss Leahy is very well known with these hounds and goes the best. The steed she is riding is My Josephine

A NOTABLE WEDDING IN VENICE



THE BRIDAL PROCESSION ON THE GRAND CANAL



A BRIDAL GROUP: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, H.R.H. PRINCE UMBERTO OF SAVOY (THE CROWN PRINCE), THE DUKE OF BERGAMO, AND THE CHILDREN ATTENDANTS

The wedding of the Conte Edoardo Visconti di Modrone and the beautiful Contessina Nicoletta Arrivabene Papadoli, which was solemnized at St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice, was one of the most important social events of recent times in Italy. H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Italy came over specially from Naples to be present in honour of the Modrone family, one of the most important in the aristocracy of Italy. The Conte Edoardo is in an Italian Lancer regiment, and his brother is the President of La Scala Opera House in Milan



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: THE CONTESSINA NICOLETTA ARRIVABENE PAPADOLI AND THE CONTE EDOARDO VISCONTI DI MODRONE



WITH THE GARTH: COLONEL F. G. BARKER AND LADY WINCHILSEA

The day these hounds met at Sherfield Manor, near Basingstoke. Colonel Barker is a former Master of the Garth. Lord Winchilsea has a house near Basingstoke, Buckfield

From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 490)

the one which swooped down while we were going splitton for Ashlands made hounds throw their heads up. A topping good run from Taboro, for the second time, in the late afternoon was the *pièce de résistance*, hounds going all out for Illston, Sheepthorns, and Carlton to mark to ground close to Jack Bellville's abode. The few who were in this voted it the best of the season.

quite a number of them took the floor again during the day. This was presumably because they were working overtime, as there was no hour's grace this year. Cox, the Warwickshire huntsman, who was taking a busman's holiday, certainly caught the right bus, as it was a splendid day in which the Heythrop bitches were at their best.

From the York and Ainsty

With the death of Mr. J. C. Willmot-Smith, of Boroughbridge Hall, we lose yet another prominent member of the hunt, and one who had hunted continuously with the York and Ainsty and neighbouring packs from the 'seventies until last season. Another good sportsman gone!

Both the North and South packs cancelled their meets for Thursday, December 10, and resumed on Saturday, when the South had a "joint" day with the Holderness at Foggathorpe. This meant a mingling not only of the ladies and gentlemen, but also of the hounds, each pack supplying about ten couples. Though by no means sensational, it was quite an amusing day, mostly in the Melbourne-Laytham area, and almost a record field out for this part of the world. The number of people dehorned must have been about the record, but no one was much the worse. "The more dirt the less hurt."

From Lincolnshire

The mild, humid weather during the second week of December, though pleasant enough for those in the saddle, was more of a spoil-sport than anything else, for like the "curate's egg," scent was only good in parts. Happily, the Southwold (Harrington) pack has been reunited. A truant section, on their Edlington day, had great fun to themselves, crossing twelve miles of country and making a point of seven in the course of a lone gallop. The field gradually melted away and nobody was left from Scrivelsby—the home of the King's Champion. Hounds then disappeared into the darkness of night, and though there is no flood-lighting in these remote parts, they were eventually traced to Moorby, after many enquiries and much anxiety.

The Blankney, after meeting at Dunstan Pillar—a famous landmark on Lincoln Heath—got behind a fox of the cat-burglar type which took them into the grounds of Blankney Hall and tried to enter Lord Londesborough's mansion by one of the front windows. Finding the place secure against this sort of invasion, he fled to the Home Yard and got into a drain.

From Warwickshire

Sometimes before going hunting one has an excited feeling that makes breakfast not worth eating, and one even tosses in bed the night before. That feeling was there before going to Barton last Tuesday; why, it is hard to say, as Barton isn't one of our best meets. However, the "feeling" was right as we had an exceptionally good day. Starting straight away from Barton Grove, and running a left-handed circle via Chastleton, we came back through the Grove and out at the bottom towards Wolford, short of which, he got in near the brook. There were not many there, as a lot had followed some hounds which divided as they ran out of the Grove the last time. The "jumpers" were in fine form, but even their chief had to admit defeat—so grassy were the fences. Our Master had a very nasty fall, crushing his ankle and breaking a bone in the foot. It seems likely that he will not be hunting for a week or two. He will be badly missed as, apart from his own enjoyment, few people realize what a marvellous field Master can do to help a day's sport.

Thursday, from Shuckburgh, was disappointing, but we found a good fox in Sawbridge later, which ran very fast and eventually got in a rick near Leamington Hastings. The thrusters are beginning to find their studs growing short, and Leicester Repository on Saturday was very popular and let's hope successful!

From the Heythrop

Monday at Heythrop was a bright, sunny day and lovely for everything except hunting. However it is no use everything in the garden being lovely if the flowers don't smell, which was the case with the Heythrop foxes. Scent improved in the evening and if our M.P. had put a square peg in a round hole three foxes would not have gone to ground one after the other in his garden.

Wednesday from Lower Swell was a first-class day with a combination of breast-high scent and knee-deep going; such combinations, however, soon turn the greatest stayers into pants and, as some steepish gradients had to be negotiated, very few saw the end of this fast hunt. One of the Shipton Brothers fell foul of his horse at a wall or, as he put it, fell from his foul horse, who left his stamp upon him.

On Saturday at Langston Arms there was a large crowd, many of whom had been dancing overnight at Adlestrop, and



WITH THE RUFFORD: MRS. ROGER WETHERED

The day the Rufford were at Egmanston. Mrs. Roger Wethered is the wife of the famous ex-golf champion (1923), the brother of the lady golf champion (1924 and 1925) Miss Joyce Wethered. The present Masters of the Rufford are Lord Titchfield, Colonel Thompson, and Mr. Harold Peake

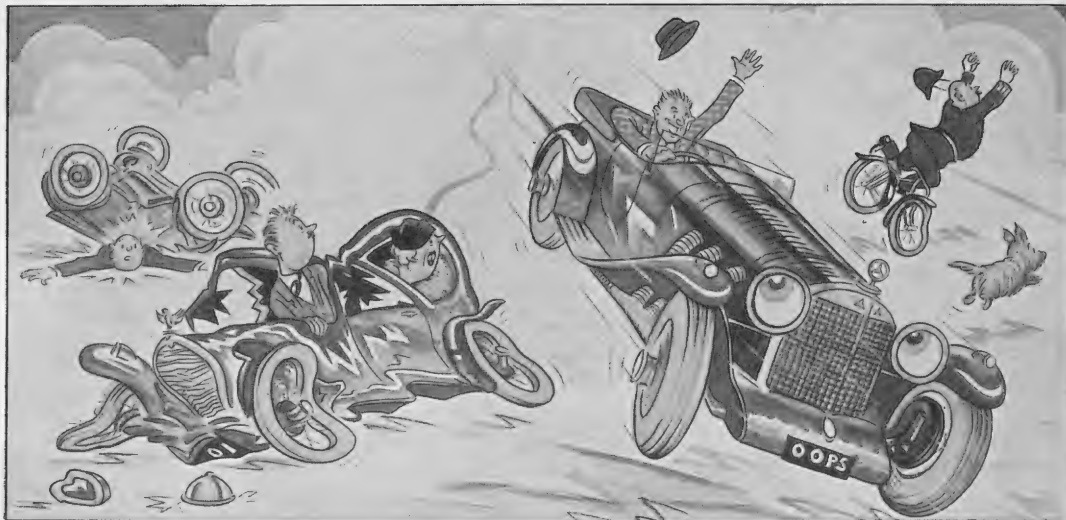
A WITCH DOCTOR?

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



First Lady: Wot's the matter with 'im, Mrs. Green?

Second Lady: Well, the doctor seems to think it's something infernal



By P. Belieu

Christmas in the Car Park : By W. E. RICHARDS

"HERE we are, my dears," purred the American Eight. "Sorry I'm so late, but I've got a new chauffeur and he gives me a pain in the steering column. The other lock, you idiot. There, you see what I've had to put up with."

"Mind my wings!"

"Wings? Oh, you mean fenders."

"They're wings in England and wings I'll call 'em."

"Say, Big Boy, no need to get fresh."

"Fresh? In this perishing east wind?"

"We don't call this cold in New York. You're out of condition, that's what it is. Valves want grinding I expect. Hello, mother! You still here? Wouldn't take you in part exchange?"

"None of your lip, my lad," said the Family Bus; "I haven't missed a Christmas in this parking place for five years. Yes, I know my bonnet's five years out of fashion, but I'll thank you to mind your own business. We weren't addressing our remarks to you. You slinky, stream-lined hussies get a bit above yourselves!"

"Just their ignorance, mother. Brought your three young ladies again? I should think something will happen to them soon with all this mistletoe about. Of course you don't want to lose 'em all, because they won't want you then. You'll be sent to the Used Car Market and knocked down to a perfect stranger."

"I don't mind," sighed the Family Bus, "if they'd only let me come to the wedding. Of course they wouldn't let me carry the bride. I'm not smart enough. But their old Nanny might like a lift . . ."

She trailed into silence.

"I'm fed up to the back axle," grumbled the Beano-Six.

"Cheer up," encouraged the Limousine, "Christmas only comes once a year."

"I don't see anything in Christmas. Just a lot of icy parking places, and then the joy-rides. Oh, my dear, the things these joy-riders expect a car to do!"

"Then don't do 'em. Conk out."

"That doesn't worry 'em. They don't mind what time they get home. And it's not a pleasant position for a respectable car. In a sense these young people are under our protection and I feel rather guilty when I come back from a morning spin after lighting-up time. And, of course, it gives us a bad name. They blame us for conking, and all too soon we end up in the Used Car Mart."

"We'll all end there, dearie," crooned the Family Bus. "Even those fast stream-lined hussies. Nothing we can do and say can alter that. Some are called sooner than others. But we shall all have to go."

An uncomfortable silence followed.

"Owners are funny creatures," grunted the Beano-Six.

"Listen. Doesn't sound too good, does it?"

"Hush! They're singing. Don't think much of the performance, do you?"

"Not flexible enough. Acceleration too sudden. Can you hear your owner?"

"Yes, he's the one with his main jet choked."

"Mine sounds as if he's oiled up. That's worse. He'll want me to do seventy along the Kingston By-pass to night. It's not safe with one's owner oiled up."

"Awful, isn't it? That's 'Good King Wenceslas' they're singing. They always sing that at Christmas. It's a sad song, don't you think?"

"There's a lot of la-la-la about it. What does that mean?"

"It means they're missing. How should it go?"

When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and e-ven.

"Who said 'snow'?" growled Skid Easily. "Gives me a front-wheel wobble to hear you talking about snow. I remember the Great Frost —"

"Tell us about the man with a red flag who used to walk in front of you, great-grand-dad," sniggered the Baby Car.

"Keep that Baby quiet. And listen. They're on the third lap now—"

Bring me corn and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hith-er.
Thou and I will see him dine,
Tum-tum-tum-tum.

Here's a stiff gradient coming. Oh, Clarence, why didn't you change down?"

"The course is too stiff for 'em. No gold medallists in that lot. They've finished. What will they do next, mother?"

"Cocktails, I expect."

"A nice thing. People with precious cars in their keeping ought not to drink."

"We all run better on a little drop of No. 1."

"And after that, mother?"

"They'll play games."

"What sort of games?"

"A gentleman driver and a lady driver go out of the room, while the other drivers sit round in a circle and think of something, and then the first couple come back with starry eyes—"

"And why do they come back with starry eyes?"

"Because they've slipped out into a dark corner of the hall and she's whispered yes. Sometimes they come out here and climb into one of the cars to whisper."

"And what do they whisper?"

"A lot of things a car wouldn't understand, but there's generally a few words about a new garage he's going to build with a house attached. That means they're going to be married and both drive the same car."

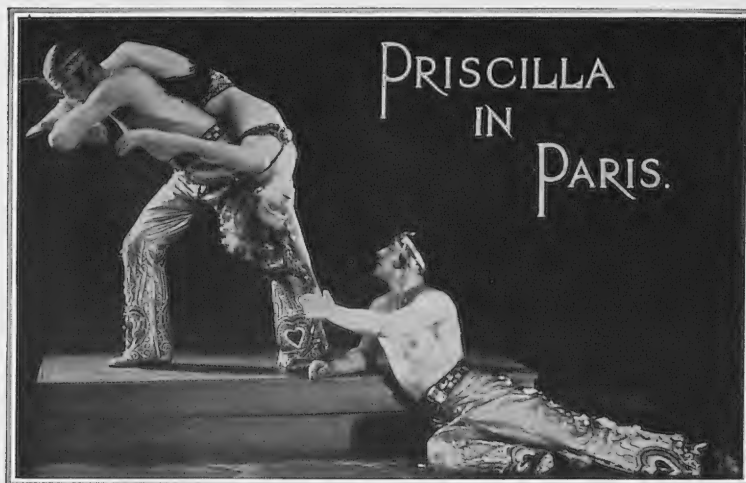
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THE COUNTESS OF DALKEITH

Yevonde, Victoria Street

The Duke of Buccleuch's daughter-in-law is blessed with a delightful face and a very happy personality, so it is not surprising that her friends are legion. Many of them are numbered among her husband's constituents in the Roxburgh and Selkirk Division, which he has represented as a Conservative since 1923. Then she is particularly popular with everyone who hunts with the Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds, of which Lord Dalkeith is Deputy Master. A niece through her mother, the late Lady Sybil Lascelles, of the Duke of St. Albans, Lady Dalkeith is also related to Lord Harewood



A PARIS SUCCESS: FLORENCE AND THE GRIPPS

A wonderful trio of acrobatic dancers who have gripped the Parisian audiences, and are having a definite success whenever and wherever they appear

TRÈS CHER.—The Bal des Petits Tits Blancs that has become the most important charitable function of the year in Paris will be given as usual at the Grand Opera House in February and already a sensational programme of "attractions" is being elaborated. M. Léon Bailly, the eminent journalist and proprietor of the great evening paper, "l'Intransigant," who is the founder and principal organizer of this ball, has already started the series of luncheon parties during which the details of the entertainment are planned. These take place in his beautiful home in the faubourg St. Germain that possesses one of the finest gardens in that quarter famed for its historical houses and lovely, hidden, high-walled gardens. The most popular theatrical stars, the most amusing writers, the most influential theatre managers gather round his hospitable board in the big, oval dining-room and in the salon that is famous for its gorgeous Coromandel screens. At the first party were Léon Volterra, who owns the Théâtre de Paris and the Marigny, Luna Park, and the nightly-packed Boîte à Matelots; Edmond Roze, who is shortly to produce the French version of Vicki Baum's *Grand Hotel* at his Folies Wagram; Albert Wilmetz, the dramatist who is so often Sacha Guitry's collaborator and who usually writes such witty *à propos* for the ball; Noel-Noël, renowned for his cabaret entertainments and who has recently blossomed out as a screen favourite with Madeleine Renaud in the new film *Mistigri*; Jane Marnac (Mrs. Keith Trevor) whose most recent successes have been in Offenbach's *Vie Parisienne* and Carco's film *Paris-Beguine*; Harry Pilcer . . . who needs no tab; there were also such well-known journalists as Ed. Beaudu, de Gobart, Catusse, Jean Barrère; also the champagne magnate, de Carmona, who annually makes this charity a gift of the thousands of bottles of champagne that are consumed between the dinner-hour, which opens the festivities, to the late dawn with which it closes; all these clever people were accompanied by their spouses and they formed a very merry crowd. This year Mistinguett will be the *grande vedette* of the entertainment that is given on the "Silver Bridge," the gleaming circular track that is swung high above the spectators over the dancing floor of the Opéra house. It is there that one should see her if one has never seen her before. Distance lends enchantment to the view as to detail, and one can appreciate the marvellous manner in which she can carry the gorgeous costumes and head-dresses that are such a part of her stage personality.

Writing of frocks, I have just seen the lovely garments that Molyneux is sending down to the Riviera . . . despite the *crise* his salons were filled with American and British buyers. After all, why not? He is English, so it is possible to "Buy British" in Paris after all. He has set a splendid example to some of the Parisian *grands coutouriers* who are closing down for the time being, and thus putting hundreds of little sewing girls out of work. In order to keep his workrooms and smaller employees busy, Captain Molyneux has cut down the greater part of his personal staff, and is doing with one private secretary. His tweeds and woollens are of British manufacture, and a great many of the lovely girls who show them off are English also.

There are still so many English people in Paris. One realizes this whenever one sets one's nose inside the doors of the many English cinema theatres. There are six in all, and they are always full. There is the Washington Palace in the rue de Magellan, where they have been showing Clive Brook in *Twenty-four Hours*, a film play taken from Louis Bromfield's novel of that name. Tallulah Bankhead has been delighting the nitwits at the Studio Diamant, an amusing little house, "done" in the modern manner, and reminiscent of an operating theatre, and George Arliss has lightened these long grey December afternoons at the Elysées Gaumont with *The Millionaire*.

At the Panthéon in the Latin quarter the Marx Brothers marx time (sorry!) with *Monkey Business*; this is a comfortable little house decorated in neutral tones and blessed with a staff of pew openers who know their job and refuse the tip that one (accustomed to other houses) slips them mechanically, without making one feel too badly snubbed.

The Pagoda, also on the Left Bank in the rue de Babylone, is a gorgeous affair. It was once the *Salle des Fêtes* of the Chinese Legation, and the decorations are quite beautiful. Pukka Chink! Loveliest embroideries, sculptured wood-work (if one likes that sort of thing, it is perfect), and lacquer. In fact it is rather amusing to sit through a slap-dash American farce in that *décor*. One regrets Alla Nazimova in—what was that picture? *The Red Lantern*, I think. This would be a good place for a revival of Fairbank's silent screen play, *The Thief of Baghdad*, as we are quite ready for it again in Paris . . . —With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



CHALIAPINE AND FAMILY IN PARIS

A domestic group of the famous Russian singer in his Parisian home. He is being accompanied at this little rehearsal by his youngest daughter, Dassin, and seated are Madame Chaliapine and his other daughter, Stella. Chaliapine is appearing at the Opéra Comique in "Don Quichote" and "The Barber of Seville"



INTERLUDE

A Study by Peter North

ROYALTY AND OTHERS



H.M. KING CAROL OF RUMANIA AND HIS SON, THE CROWN PRINCE MICHAEL



IN GENOA: MISS GLORIA CARUSO AND MR. RONALD COLMAN

The photograph (top left) of the reigning sovereign of Rumania and his son was taken at the Castelul Pelisor, Sinaia, where they were recently in residence. The Crown Prince Michael was ten years old in October. Rumour has it that H.R.H. may be going to Eton later on. King Carol's younger sister, Princess Ileana of Rumania, was married this summer to the Archduke Anton of Hapsburg. Castelul Bran is one of the four Rumanian Royal residences. H.E. Signor Grandi, the Italian Foreign Minister, has been described as Il Duce's right hand man. He has just returned from an official and very successful visit to America. Miss Gloria Caruso, who is seen with the well-known film star, is spending the winter at Cannes with her mother. She is the daughter of the late Enrico Caruso, the world-famous tenor.



H.R.H. THE ARCHDUCHESS ANTON VON HAPSBURG AND HER HUSBAND AT CASTELUL BRAN, RUMANIA



BACK FROM AMERICA: H.E. SIGNOR DANO GRANDI AND HIS WIFE ARRIVING IN NAPLES

THE GLAMORGAN SOCIETY DINNER



MRS. D. OWEN EVANS, SIR GOSCOMBE JOHN, R.A., AND MISS ELLEN EVANS, M.A., AT GROSVENOR HOUSE



LORD PLYMOUTH AND PRINCIPAL J. F. REES, M.A.



THE BISHOP OF LLANDAFF TALKING TO MISS BRYANT



MR. D. OWEN EVANS, MR. J. F. LEWIS, M.A., AND MR. J. H. EDWARDS

There was a concentration of the intelligentsia of South Wales at Grosvenor House on December 9, when the Glamorgan Society held its annual dinner, with Lord Plymouth in the chair. Sir Goscombe John, R.A., is one of Cardiff's famous sons, and the Principality contains many fine examples of his work, as for instance the statue of Mr. Lloyd George at Carnarvon, the Llandaff War Memorial, and the memorial to Dean Vaughan in Llandaff Cathedral. Principal Rees, the brilliant head of Cardiff University (where he himself was educated prior to going to Oxford), was formerly Professor of Commerce at Birmingham University. The Right Rev. Timothy Rees, M.C., 96th Bishop of Llandaff, used to be Warden of the College of the Resurrection, Mirfield. He served with distinction as Chaplain to the Forces in the Great War. Sir Percy Watkins is Permanent Secretary, Welsh Department, to the Board of Education. He was knighted last year



DR. J. B. BALLARD, M.A., D.LIT., MRS. BRYANT, AND SIR PERCY WATKINS, L.L.D.

Photographs by Sasha

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Flat to Let" and "Fear"



"AUNT FANNY IS DEAD" . . . (LOUD LAUGHTER)

Carol Coney (Miss Ann Todd), Mrs. Coney (Miss Lilian Braithwaite), and Tony, the revue-composer (Mr. Reginald Gardiner), dispel the traditional gloom of an English breakfast



CONQUEST

The breezy diplomat (Mr. Frank Allenby). "All the nice girls love a Bentley," sneers his unsuccessful rival

"Flat to Let" at the Criterion.

THIS is a "stalls' play" if you like, and a thin one at that. You can "place" the author, Mr. Arthur Macrae, by paying a visit to *Cavalcade*. He drowns there, once nightly and off stage, with the *Titanic*. But if it is "an exciting thing to be an Englishman," it is a useful thing to fall under the spell (and banner) of Mr. Noel Coward. Youth calls to youth, and *Flat to Let* is a first attempt to shake a Cowardish cocktail of smart small-talk without the absinthe of jazz-weary disillusionment. If Mr. Macrae thinks I am being proud, paternal, pompous, or otherwise pestilential, let me entreat him to guess again. There are bricks handy to throw at his play, conventional bricks nicely made to measure, bricks which any beginner who sets out to be bright and boyish and amusing must get ready to dodge from the fall of the first-night curtain. But I decline to open fire. All this Little Ado about Nothing amused me, and in these days, and every day, half a guffaw is better than no laugh. That sounds like a sorry confession—"if you can't be witty be facetious." Some of Mr. Macrae's flippant dialogue comes, I daresay, into the category of precocious waggery, but I forgive him. He is good company; he has a sense of humour as well as an obvious sense of the theatre—how a situation crystallizes and how a part plays—and Time is on his side. Later on, I should say quite soon, a beefier story will dawn on his consciousness, and the telling of it will make it unnecessary for him to over-work one side-issue such as falls to the lot of Mr. Athole Stewart in this piece as a middle-aged peer of traditional British incoherence who rejoices in the name of Lord Java. The interrupted proposal falls as a gambit at the third

attempt. Mr. Stewart plays this part with the owlish-seriousness which is the proper foil and a gallant effacement which enables Miss Lilian Braithwaite to coruscate all the more in her own firmament, Mrs. Coney, vague and well-bred; weighing silver paper in terms of tons, and then consigning it to the kitchen fire; powerless before perverse cooks and prim parlour-maids; drifting into the room at cocktail time in clouds of purple glory, but spoiling the effect of queenliness by carrying her slippers absentmindedly in her hand; floating on air after half a bottle of champagne, a paper cap (relic of a restaurant supper) still on her muddled, amiable head—this witless, wool-gathering widow, this bright and babbling mother, is Miss Braithwaite's pigeon to the last feather, and most deliciously she plucks and serves it.

The story? Merely that nearly everybody gets married—Miss Braithwaite to Mr. Stewart, Miss Ann Todd, the most adorable of modern daughters (but not too modern in view of her sudden assumption of the Leap Year privilege), to Mr. Frank Allenby, tremendously cousinly, public school and English as a mature diplomat of thirty with a Bentley but no dance steps. I never knew a diplomat quite so breezily unaffected. Mr. Allenby was Marlborough and B.N.C. all over; you couldn't picture him leaving the Foreign Office at four o'clock in a black hat. Miss Todd, I need hardly say, plays this sweet-and-twenty stuff with style and composure and charm. And how pretty she is, too.

Even the parlourmaid (Miss Molly Lumley achieved just the right moral sniff for this touchy party) got her Harold, and that left only Mr. Reginald Gardiner, one of our best "straight" buffoons, high and dry to console himself by adding to his royalties as a revue composer. The other



MAN PROPOSES . .

Lord Java (Mr. Athole Stewart, the producer) wonders why he is never allowed to get his marriage offer off his chest

Coney daughter, being married, doesn't count, but that does not dismiss Miss Eileen Peel from her place in the picture. With little to do except to exploit nice clothes and a habit of beginning in the middle of everything, Miss Peel succeeded admirably in threatening to say something cataclysmically witty and holding her peace.

If you are feeling old before your time this is the stuff wherein to drown the blues. The brew may contain a deal of soda water, but it fizzes and sparkles. The cup cheers, and that is the prime function of the Elixir of Youth.

"Fear," at the Little Theatre.

This play by Edward Wilbraham (the late Lord Lathom), hovering between the two worlds of metaphysics and melodrama, seems curiously powerless to take substance in either. *Fear* is not so much a play as a frame-work for an emotional climax. The subject is the fear-complex of a man who all his life has been a coward—in a dark nursery, in the hunting-field, in the trenches—and all his life has lived down his secret by a reckless assumption of bravery. The play begins as a ghost-story in a derelict room of a long-empty house (Scene 1). The young husband takes the place against his wife's forebodings, although a frightened caretaker hints nebulously at a haunted room, where (so the story goes) tenants are found kneeling dead upon the floor in an attitude of prayer.

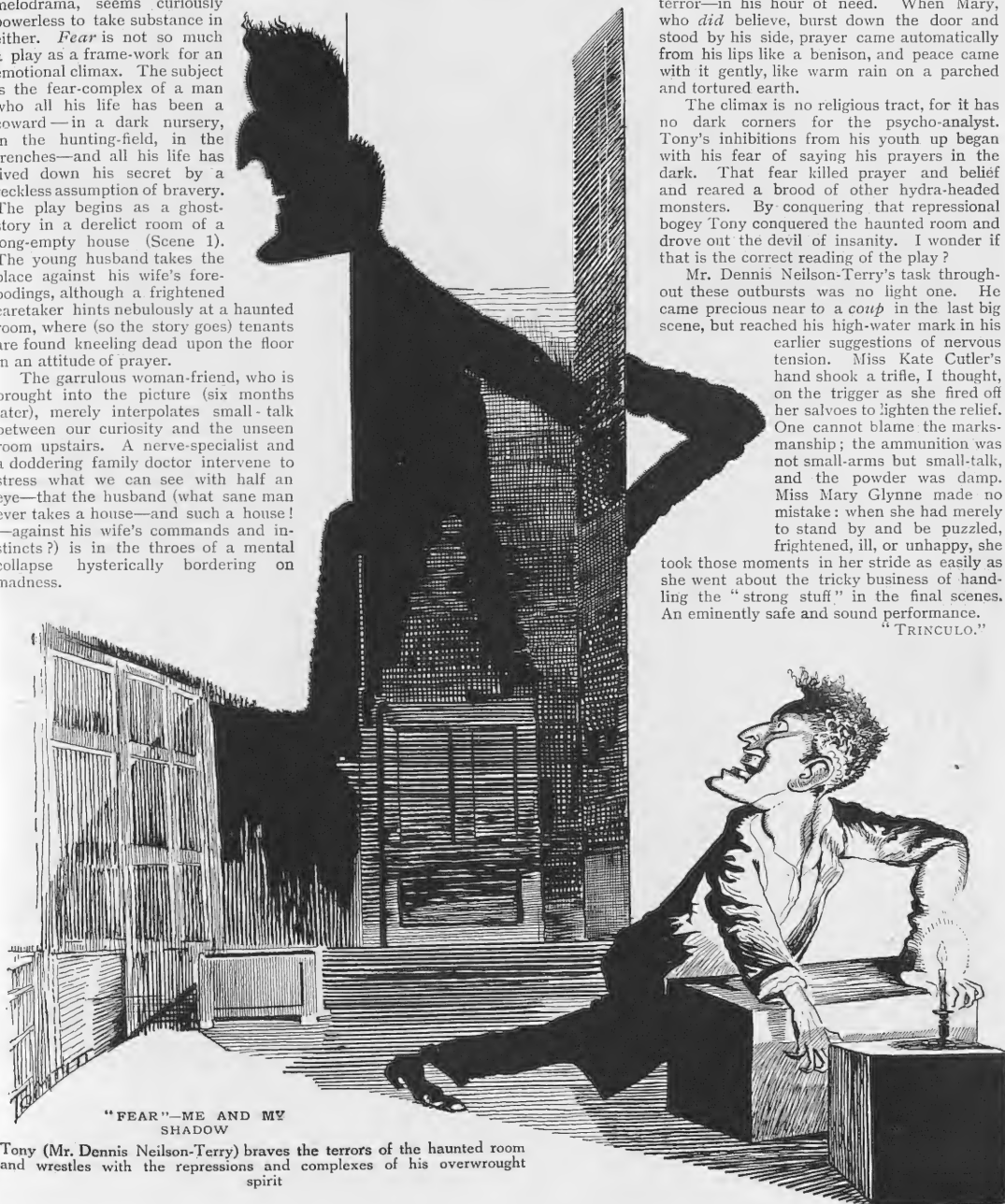
The garrulous woman-friend, who is brought into the picture (six months later), merely interpolates small-talk between our curiosity and the unseen room upstairs. A nerve-specialist and a doddering family doctor intervene to stress what we can see with half an eye—that the husband (what sane man ever takes a house—and such a house!—against his wife's commands and instincts?) is in the throes of a mental collapse hysterically bordering on madness.

After two tentative acts of suspense and guess-work we promise ourselves something pretty hair-raising—upstairs. The last scene comes. The moonlight streams in with a ghostly effect; the sinister branch of a tree straddles against the window like a claw; and as the intruder rocks to and fro in a paroxysm of gibbering terror his shadow is thrown hugely on to the wall by the one tremulous candle. "Good theatre," this, and good lighting. The harmless emptiness of the room and the magnified presence of the shadow are doubly significant. Tony Matthews was afraid of his own shadow, afraid of nothing; in the room there was nothing, only fear. Tony smashed its spell with prayer. He besought the God in whom it was almost his boast not to believe, to let him pray, and he called on his wife—all this in a crescendo of raving terror—in his hour of need. When Mary, who *did* believe, burst down the door and stood by his side, prayer came automatically from his lips like a benison, and peace came with it gently, like warm rain on a parched and tortured earth.

The climax is no religious tract, for it has no dark corners for the psycho-analyst. Tony's inhibitions from his youth up began with his fear of saying his prayers in the dark. That fear killed prayer and belief and reared a brood of other hydra-headed monsters. By conquering that repressional bogey Tony conquered the haunted room and drove out the devil of insanity. I wonder if that is the correct reading of the play?

Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry's task throughout these outbursts was no light one. He came precious near to a *coup* in the last big scene, but reached his high-water mark in his earlier suggestions of nervous tension. Miss Kate Cutler's hand shook a trifle, I thought, on the trigger as she fired off her salvos to lighten the relief. One cannot blame the marksmanship; the ammunition was not small-arms but small-talk, and the powder was damp. Miss Mary Glynne made no mistake: when she had merely to stand by and be puzzled, frightened, ill, or unhappy, she took those moments in her stride as easily as she went about the tricky business of handling the "strong stuff" in the final scenes. An eminently safe and sound performance.

"TRINCULO."



"FEAR"—ME AND MY SHADOW

Tony (Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry) braves the terrors of the haunted room and wrestles the repressions and complexes of his overwrought spirit

A Rugby Letter : "HARLEQUIN"

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to all Rugby folk—I'm sure that's the right way to begin this week. If one set of people more than another does enjoy Christmas it is the followers of Rugby, even the "have-beens" and the "never-was-ers." There is something specially attractive about Christmas football, and particularly about the tours, so

touring. But it is better than the first nickname inflicted on their predecessors a quarter of a century ago. An enthusiastic journalist, anxious to be the first to christen the new-comers, called them "The Kaffirs," and was quite surprised to find that his effort was coldly received by the visitors. So definite were they on the point that the offending title disappeared at once and for ever.

The present side were only observing tradition when they defeated Wales the other day, for the Welshmen lost to both the other sides from South Africa. Billy Millar's team won only by a penalty goal to nil, and great was his indignation when it was impressed on him that he had had all the luck. We always told him that after every match, but this time it roused him to such an extent that a hasty departure seemed indicated.

There was no luck about the result this time, for on the day and under the conditions the better team won a game which, in some respects, remotely resembled Rugby. That is to say, the visitors kicked the ball harder and got through the mud quicker than the home side, who owed their defeat to an entire inability to adapt themselves to circumstances in the second half. At half time the match seemed theirs, but it was merely asking for trouble to try to play the orthodox game afterwards. Could that impromptu committee meeting at half-time have had anything to do with it?

The 'Varsity match is ancient history now, but it is permissible at least to say that it was a splendid game and, unlike so much present-day Rugby, full of interest from start to finish, as different

from last year's match as chalk from cheese. Oxford owed their triumph almost entirely to their skipper, W. Roberts, who was playing in his fourth 'Varsity match and has only once been on the beaten side. A great 'Varsity player, but not necessarily a great International.

Only about half the men in the match were qualified for England, so the 'Varsities did not figure largely in last Saturday's trial, England v. The Rest. Some people expected J. G. Aske to get another show at full-back, and in the present dearth of effective wing-threequarters room might well have been found for R. W. Smeddle. Is there another right wing in England who could have scored that brilliant Cambridge try?



THE BEDFORD RUGGER XV

R. S. Crisp

The team which beat the London Welsh (team below) 13 to 6, two goals and a try to a penalty and a try at Bedford in the recent encounter, which was a far better and closer contest than the score indicates. In this group, left to right, are: At back—G. E. Goddard, O. V. Bevan, W. Simmons, J. Bilham, O. C. Crossman, G. T. Dancer, J. G. Cook, R. G. Wise, and F. G. Hore (hon. sec.); seated—T. E. K. Williams, R. Perkins, A. Marshall, R. C. Brumwell (captain), N. F. Reed, C. Rose, L. G. Ashwell, and W. A. Sime

that even the humblest ex-player looks back on them with reminiscent chuckle, and a wish that he could put the clock back a few years.

The star performer, of course, has certain limits placed on his enjoyment; he has to think of keeping fit, and can only indulge in the joys of eating and drinking in strict moderation. No one who is playing for London next Saturday against the South Africans, for instance, can afford to let himself go on Christmas Day, or at any rate he ought not to. He will want all his wind and all his stamina before he has finished with the sturdy Springboks on the afternoon of Boxing Day.

And as for the men chosen to represent England on

January 2, they indeed must scorn delights and live laborious days. They must spare no pains to attain the utmost possible fitness, that is expected of them, and they surely will not let their country down. Gone are the days when International players took their responsibilities lightly and turned out half-fit in the biggest matches of all. No one will offend in that direction, if only for the reason that he could not hope to escape undetected.

Everybody is extremely sorry for the misfortunes that have overtaken the tourists recently. Their casualty list is too long altogether, nearly as extensive as that of R. Cove-Smith's team in S. Africa, when on more than one occasion there literally were not fifteen sound men available. The Springboks have not reached that stage yet, but they have been desperately unlucky, no one more so than young D. O. Williams, the emergency wing three-quarter, who broke his collar-bone in his third match.

"Springboks," by the way, is not a particularly appropriate name for the very solid and burly youngsters now



THE LONDON WELSH RUGGER XV

R. S. Crisp

The team which met Bedford on their home town recently and got beaten 13 to 6 after a good fight. The names in the picture, left to right, are: At back—A. Jenkins (hon. sec.), T. Jones-Davies, W. A. V. Thomas, F. Instone, P. E. Gibbons, M. Evans, D. Bowen-Jones; seated—D. W. Rees, T. J. Davies, Ray Thomas, M. H. Evans (captain), — Powell, W. Lewis, W. Evans, and J. E. Bowcott



The "Present" time
is very near... Remember
Player's Please
"It's the Tobacco that Counts"

Decorated Tins of
50 for 2/6
100 for 4/6
150 for 7/3
Plain or Cork Tipped

NCC 84.

THE GRAND STEEPLECHASE OF



THE TAXIS DITCH—A REGULAR "BECHER'S"



ANOTHER PICTURE OF TAXIS DITCH (15 FT. WIDE)

The Grand Steeplechase of Pardubice, which is run over a very stiff course in Czecho-Slovakia, formerly part of Austria, was founded in the year 1874, and has been run every year since excepting during the War and in one or two years when it had to be abandoned on account of frost. The distance is a bit over four miles, and there are twenty-nine fences, only three of which are jumped twice. The course is held to be next in point of stiffness to our own Aintree, and differs from it in one particular in that it is not all grass but includes several ploughed fields.

PARDUBICE (CZECHO-SLOVAKIA)



"THE SNAKE BROOK" (13 FT. WIDE)



THE OPEN DITCH

By Charles Joseph Bujnak

At Aintree this was formerly the case. The fences also are more varied in character, and include posts and rails, banks, an in-and-out open water, as well as the kind familiar to all steeplechase courses. The Taxis Ditch, the "Becher's" of the course, is a thick growing hedge 4 ft. high, with a 15 ft. wide ditch beyond, and very deep. The approach to this obstacle is slightly up hill. The "Snake Brook" is open as will be seen, a good 13 ft. wide and very deep, and the Open Ditch is out of a lower field into a higher one. The rail guarding the ditch is 3 ft. high.

Why be vague? Ask for—

Haig



no finer whisky goes into any bottle

FILMS AND FILMERS



"WENDY" (ANN CASSON), A FILM STAR

Little Ann Casson, who is again the Wendy in this year's "Peter Pan"—Jean Forbes-Robertson being (also again) her opposite number, is Dame Sybil Thorndike's clever child. She has been placed under contract by British International Pictures as a budding star, and has played in "The Shadows Between" and the name part in "The Soul of Jenny Pearl," Mr. Anthony Asquith's production, and is now playing a leading part in Alfred Hitchcock's "No. 17," which is being made at Elstree. Gwen Lee, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, is seen at the Kellogg Arabian Horse Ranch at Pomona, and is holding Shemsen, the winning Arab filly at the recent show in Los Angeles. Time was when the Arab breeders would not let any mare leave Arabia. Beautiful Vanda Greville is in her first English talkie, "A Gentleman of Paris," now showing at the New Gallery Cinema



GWEN LEE AT AN ARAB HORSE RANCH



VANDA GREVILLE IN "A GENTLEMAN OF PARIS"

Janet Jevons

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

One Christmas Present . . .

FROM Hodder and Stoughton I have just received a really lovely new edition of Barrie's "Peter Pan and Wendy" (15s.), illustrated by Gwynedd M. Hudson. And now . . . well, now I am looking for the right kind of Grown-up Person to whom to give it. But why a grown-up person? you may ask. Because I am only half convinced that children really appreciate Peter Pan. I know their parents do; especially the right kind of parent, in fact, almost anybody who has long since waved adieu to childhood without knowing it—as is the way of most of us as we grow older. Indeed, I believe that Peter Pan, the Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up, is really the ideal fairy-story for those who have, alas! not only grown-up, but are perceptibly growing old. Children, of course, love the pirate bits, because children like exciting incidents in their fairy stories; in the same way as so many grown-ups prefer a modern "thriller" to an ancient classic. But the "poetry" of Peter Pan I am sure escapes them. And Peter Pan without this "poetry" is not really much more exciting than Dick Whittington, and not nearly so thrilling as Jack the Giant-Killer. For a child, all the interest of Red Riding Hood lies in bed with the wolf. It is hopeless to expatiate to a child on the reward of modesty and simplicity as verified by Cinderella. The only part of that story which really thrills a child is the moment when midnight strikes and the poor girl has to flee for her reputation. Children are essentially realists in a world preferably improbable. But Peter Pan is a fairy story for those who, being grown old, have never really grown up. And, let me add, the nicest people in the world never do grow up. Not really; not *inside* them, so to speak. You can always tell a really grown-up person by his way; he strikes a pompous attitude as if the world were merely a looking-glass and he loved to see his own reflection in it. Barrie's masterpiece of faerie is not for such as he is, thank heavens! We will leave him to his stocks and shares, to his sense of power, to his immeasurable dullness. Meanwhile, Peter Pan lies close to the heart of those who have never yet been able to realize within themselves that, by all the laws of calculation, to say nothing of weight, they are indeed no longer even in their first youth. Or when they do realize it, it is with a sense of outrage; like the utterly impossible, metaphorically speaking, sitting down with us to tea and claiming us as next-of-kin. For two straws, and always providing no one was looking, they would still build a hoop. They cannot resist digging castles in the sand. A toyshop, ostensibly for the benefit of some child, remains for them still a land of enchantment. The pantomime fairy queen is purely a grown-up product. They are the grey-haired who look for fairies in the moonlight, though most of them would jeer at themselves to have it known. When the world itself is so wonderful, what have children to do with fairyland? No, fairyland exists for those who creep back to it in their dreams because the world in which they have to live their worried being has turned out not so wonderful after all; only rather terrifying, and somewhat more bitter than it is sweet. And so I am going to give this charming edition of "Peter Pan and Wendy" to someone who I know has never really forgotten the rules of the game of let's-pretend. For him, or her, are all those half-tender, half-amusing whimsies which

seem to come so easily to J.M.B. and touch chords in the heart which make grown-up people realize that here at least is someone who knows that they are still children under their grey hair after all; someone, moreover, who, thank Heaven, *won't tell!* And so dear Peter Pan is not so much the Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up as the imp of childhood in the heart of those who to all outward appearances are very grown up indeed. Children are only too anxious to grow up. But Barrie has given to older people the very lovely opportunity of grown-up people to grow young again in the pretence that they are "just amusing the children." And so, most wise people will be giving this newly-illustrated edition of "Peter Pan" to the little ones and enjoy it most themselves. And a further inducement, if inducement were needed, is that this book is part of the J. M. Barrie Peter Pan Bequest. Thus the author's profits will go "to help the doctors and nurses to cure the children who

are lying ill in the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children in London." And I defy any fairy godmother to do a better deed than that!

* * *

. . . and Another.

BUT I am uncertain if actual children will not enjoy more Maria Edgeworth's "Most Unfortunate Day of My Life" (Cobden-Sanderson. 4s. 6d.). Children are such realists, and though the more subtle moralities may bore them, they love a practical moral tacked on to their tales. And Miss Edgeworth's quaint, charming, cautionary little stories included in this delightful book are full of the rewards of good behaviour. The story which gives the book its title has hitherto been unpublished. Indeed, it was only recently discovered among the family papers of a household in the South of Ireland. It is bound in this book together with some of the children's stories which were once so popular in the days when it is presumed grandmamma and grandpapa still believed in fairies. And it certainly was a most unfortunate day. Especially for poor little Robert. I have a secret sympathy for Robert. I am still rather as he was, myself. I, too, am always beginning something with immense enthusiasm only to discard it before completion to begin something else in equally high spirits. And as for putting things away when I have finished with them . . . No, I am very "Robert," who, "though he intended and had even sometimes begun to cure himself of this fault, he had never finished curing himself." The

results in his sad case were disastrous. After almost wrecking the home in which "dear mamma" lived he nearly burnt down the house. And all because he wouldn't finish what he had begun nor put things away when he had finished with them, and in the same place. But sorriest of all I was for poor little Rosamond, aged five, who is the heroine of several subsequent cautionary tales. She was always being tempted. She yearned to be given a bauble, but had by sad experience to learn that all is not gold that glitters, and that the usefulness of a needle-case endures longer than the joy of a pretty purple jar or a stone painted to resemble a plum. "Yes, mamma, let us reason," she once said; which sums up nicely her poor little tragedy at five. After which she grew very, very wise. All the same, I frankly detested Ben, the young hero of the story called "Waste Not, Want Not." With his cousin Hal, a vain young spendthrift, he paid a visit to a rich uncle at Bristol;

(Continued on p. 512)



FRAÜLEIN AGNES STRAUB

The Reinhardt star in the rôle of Mary Baker-Eddy, the foundress of the Christian Science movement in "Die Heilige aus U.S.A.," by Ilse Langner, now being shown at the Theater am Kurfürstendamm in Berlin

LOOKING FORWARD TO CHRISTMAS DAY



PAULINE TENNANT



THOMAS JACKSON



NOEL AND MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM-REID

A portrait gallery of four delightful children, whose great expectations of bulging stockings on Christmas morning are not likely to be disappointed. Thomas Jackson is the only son of Mr. William and Lady Ankaret Jackson and a nephew of Lord Carlisle. His parents are certainly justified in thinking him rather "speshul." Captain and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid's fine brace of boys were photographed in their nursery in Upper Brook Street. They are particularly good companions and a most amiable pair. Pauline Tennant is the gay and pretty little daughter of the Hon. David and Mrs. Tennant (Miss Hermione Baddeley). It is to be hoped that her mother has not definitely said farewell to the stage. Her aunt, Miss Angela Baddeley, is at present engaged on a successful tour of South Africa with her husband, Mr. Glen Byam Shaw

Photographs by Pearl Freeman and Swabe

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

the visit to be one of inspection, the uncle being very rich and desirous of observing the characters of his two nephews with a view to adopting the finer one. Hal, of course, ruined his chances at the beginning by cutting the string around a parcel, whereas Ben diligently untied his. And with this piece of string he eventually not only won an archery competition at which all the gentry were present, but he cut Hal completely out of his uncle's favour by buying for the event a useful overcoat instead of a useless uniform, and, with the money left over from the purchase of this overcoat, bought with it several comforts for a poor boy who was keeping an invalid mother as well as many brothers and sisters by blowing the organ in Bristol Cathedral. So you see what a boy can do if only he will not cut the string around parcels! No, I cordially disliked the plus-perfect Ben. But the whole book has a delightful quaintness which is most amusing. And you could not possibly miss the moral of any of these old-time children's stories. Nor are the morals silly ones, in spite of the old-fashioned cautionary spirit with which they are pointed. That is why children will love these stories and grown-up people, too—though these, alas! may roar with laughter while reading them aloud. I did so myself. Oh, dear, what a sad thing it is to have found most of the more superficial virtues out!

* *

A Modern Fairy Tale.

I suppose that fifty years hence no fairy stories will contain any fairy bower, nor a fairy prince, nor an ugly giant to be slain by a weapon not much larger than a paper knife. They will probably begin in an office, and the fairy prince will be the office boy who attains by dint of hard work, perseverance, and a knowledge of figures to the rank of world-provider, say of clarified lard. And if there be a giant to kill it would be the giant of procrastination, amusement, and improvidence. Some such story, in fact, as "Leaves from the Lipton Log" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), being the autobiography of Sir Thomas Lipton, Bart., written by himself in conjunction with Mr. W. Blackwood. And indeed the whole story of Sir Thomas's rise from the obscurity of life in a Glasgow tenement as a boy to fame and fortune as founder of the Lipton chain of

stores and, perhaps, the most popular sporting figure the sporting world has ever known, does read like the romance of fiction, only we know it isn't; but rather the story of a man who, by dint of a genius for hard work, plus business imagination, achieved half his life's ambitions before he reached the age of thirty. Like all the romances of Big Business, the beginning is more interesting than the end—the leisure hours of a big fortune being almost invariably something of an anti-climax. But Sir Thomas tells the romance of his own early life extremely well. One can almost feel while reading it some of that tremendous enthusiasm, that driving force which broke away from the confines of his parents' tiny little shop in Stobcross Street, Glasgow, and, with a capital of only £100, launched out for himself, to succeed beyond even the wildest of his more youthful dreams. Advertising on a huge

scale has become such a common event nowadays that it seems difficult to realize the series of sensations which the early Lipton advertisements caused up and down the country. Giantcheeses dragged through the town by elephants, absurd figures parading the streets, imitation pigs swinging in the

wind; in every advertisement, something to arouse curiosity, something to make the spectator laugh. The whole a marvellous ex-

ample, not only of business acumen, but of knowledge of human nature. It is curious too how Fate seemed to take a hand in the game. As, for instance, the day when young Lipton had to "disappear" for a few days by reason of a small affair with a fraudulent German professor, and went to Dundee, where the birth of the idea of a chain of shops up and down the country first came to him. And running through the book is always his intense love and respect for his mother to whom he owed so much, and who helped him throughout his life. This autobiography is very well worth reading. It is varied, always interesting, and absolutely free from the least aggressive form of self-congratulation. One feels that "Tommy" Lipton would have been equally as beloved as a poor man. And surely no rich and successful one can wish for a happier compliment.



FATHER AND DAUGHTER IN "BOW BELLS"—BOBBIE AND BINNIE HALE
By Autori

A lucky right and left barrel for the artist who caught Bobbie and Binnie at a rehearsal for "Bow Bells," the new revue at the London Hippodrome, which is due to open on December 23 (to-day). With these two very clever people are many other celebrities including pretty Harriet Hoctor, who comes all the way from the U.S.A., to appear and dance in "Bow Bells."

THIS FOX-HUNTIN' BUSINESS!



WITH THE NORTH SHROPSHIRE HOUNDS AT HODNET HALL

Truman Howell

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Heber-Percy own Hodnet, where this interesting group was taken more or less recently. Included in it are: Mr. and Mrs. R. O'Brien (he is a son of Sir Timothy O'Brien), Miss Balfour, Miss V. Lambert (niece of the Earl and Countess of Cavan), Mrs. Hayes, Miss E. Black, Mrs. Hempson, Constance Lady Stanier, Miss Wells, Mr. Cyril Heber-Percy, Mr. A. H. Heber-Percy, Major W. Hayes, M.F.H. (the new Master), General Bustin, Mrs. A. H. Heber-Percy, Dr. and Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. F. Stanier



WITH THE FERNIE: MRS. MENZIES, M.F.H., THE BERWICKSHIRE HOUNDS

Bate



WITH THE SOUTH NOTTS: MRS. R. L. FRANCKLIN (mounted) AND MRS. W. E. SEELY AND HER SON

Howard Barrett

The dropping of the final "g" in the heading to this page is done merely to please the inmates of a place called Tantivy Towers, who, of course, would always talk of "shootin', fishin', and huntin'"—but the real blades at these various sports and pastimes do not do this; they leave it to the very comic comic opera fox-hunters. Jumpin' and gallopin' have both been prevalent lately because almost everywhere there has been such a stinkin' good scent. Mrs. Menzies, who is Master of the Berwickshire, was having a busman's holiday in High Leicestershire—a well-named spot, as anyone who knows anything about the obstacles will admit. In the other snapshot there are three generations, as Mrs. W. E. Seely is Mrs. R. L. Francklin's daughter. Hounds were at Halloughton Wood the day the picture was taken

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

TWO friends were chatting in the street and decided that they would like a drink, but unfortunately they hadn't got the price of one between them. Suddenly Jones had a brain wave.

"Come inside," he said. "I'll get you a drink and me too." When they entered they saw the proprietor at one end of the bar and the barmaid at the other.

"You go and talk to the girl for a minute or two," said Jones. "I'll deal with the man."

"Good evening!" Jones greeted the landlord, affably. "I wonder if you'd mind settling a little argument for me. My friend over there says there are four pints to a quart, and I say there are two. Which is right?"

"You are, of course," replied the landlord. "Your friend's education has been neglected."

"Thank you very much," said Jones, and went over and joined his friend, who was chatting to the barmaid.

"Two pints, miss, please," he said. When they had downed them, the girl asked for the money.

"Oh, these are with the landlord," explained Jones.

"He didn't say anything to me about this," said the girl, suspiciously.

"Hey! Landlord!" called out Jones. "You did say two pints, didn't you?"

"Yes. That's right, two pints," rejoined the proprietor,

* * *

At a very early hour of the morning a convivial gentleman approached the constable on his beat, saying: "Will you be so good as to tell me where I stay. I forget the address, but my cook's name is Lizzie."



Frank Davis

MISS LESLIE BURROWES

Miss Burrowes began to take dancing seriously as a child. She entered the Margaret Morris School at the age of 15 years, and after four years' training there, during which she appeared as group and solo dancer in many of the Margaret Morris productions, was awarded a scholarship enabling her to train abroad. She has just returned from Germany, where she has been studying in Dresden under Fräulein Mary Wigman. Miss Burrowes gave two dancing recitals at the Grafton Theatre in London on December 8 and 9



Walter Irl

FOR THE LYCEUM PANTOMIME: KITTY REIDY

The attractive young lady from a place called (by some) "The Antipods" who is again this year the principal boy in the Lyceum pantomime. It is "Cinderella" this year, and Kitty Reidy is the charming prince who marries the little wench all forlorn. Last year Kitty Reidy was a magnificent Robinson Crusoe at the same theatre

TWO commercial travellers happened to meet at an hotel, and one of them noticed that the other, who was usually a big eater, was making a very frugal meal.

"What's the matter, old chap?" he asked. "On diet?"

The other man shook his head sadly. "No," he answered, "on commission."

* * *

"Well," said a young lawyer, after hearing a client's story, "your case appears to be good. I think we can secure a verdict without much trouble."

"Yes, that's what I told my wife," said the man, "and yet she insisted at first that we ought to engage a first-class lawyer!"

* * *

The film director wanted someone to play a Scotland Yard detective, and the casting director sent along a possible man. After a very brief interview the director sent the actor back with a note. It read—

"This man won't do. He hasn't a trace of a Scottish accent!"

* * *

A boy fresh from school was given an appointment by a business man, with a view to entering into his employment. After testing his knowledge in various directions the interviewer rapped out: "The first essential in business is a large fund of general knowledge. Tell me, my boy, for what chiefly was Louis XIV responsible?"

Without a second's hesitation the boy answered:

"Louis XV, sir."

* * *

The traffic police in a certain large city wear long white waterproof coats on wet days. On one such day an unwary pedestrian would have gone to his last account had not a bus driver crammed on all his brakes and drawn up inches short of the startled walker. Instead of bursting into invective, as might have been expected, the driver looked at the constable in his long coat and said, "How's that, umpire?"

THE CAMERA'S SCATTER GUN!



AT WORCESTER 'CHASES: MR. I. R. CAMPBELL AND MRS. BRIAN BIBBY



MRS. CHARLES BRITTAIN, LORD DOVERDALE, AND MR. N. CONNANT



LIEUT.-COLONEL A. I. PAINE AND LADY BARBARA SMITH



AT GROSVENOR HOUSE ICE-RINK: MISS MANN-THOMSON AND MRS. COGER-CREWDSON



AT THE BILTON BEAGLES HUNT BALL

The names, left to right, are: Ladies—Miss S. F. Ogle, Miss B. Brewster, Mrs. Brewster, Mrs. H. G. Beaumont, M.H., Miss K. A. Brewster, and Miss K. A. Watson; gentlemen—Colonel C. J. Huskinson, Mr. P. Stott, Mr. T. F. Brewster, Mr. C. C. Culross (hon. sec.), Mr. M. S. Charlesworth, Mr. P. Thorman, and Mr. P. Hamilton Baynes

All the three pictures at the top were taken at the recent jumping meeting at Worcester, one of the best found and most popular courses in England. One of the stewards is Mr. W. J. Gresson, ex-Master of the Croome and a well-known owner; and Lieut.-Colonel A. I. Paine, who is in the picture with Lady Barbara Smith, daughter of the late Lord Coventry, the "father" of the Croome Hunt, was Clerk of the Course. An old friend of many of us, Major Kenneth Robertson, was starting. Mrs. Brian Bibby had a winner on the second day, her "Prince Rowland" winning the Broadwood Handicap 'Chase comfortably at the finish by a couple of lengths. The Bilton Beagles Hunt Ball was a big success and was held at the Hotel Majestic, Harrogate. Mrs. Beaumont owns these hounds and Mr. Howard Aykroyd hunts them for her

Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE"

By

THERE is only one way in which to break covert this week and that is by saying the obvious to everyone—known and unknown pals alike—a Merry Christmas! in spite of a lot of very un-merry things, and a great deal happier New Year than this miserable old brute that, thank goodness, is at its last gasp. I suppose never—not even in the years between

the famous Prince Karl Kinsky, who won the Grand National at Aintree in 1883 on his own mare, Zoedone. Pohanka was ridden by Lieutenant Durand of the French Cavalry (4th Hussars). The second horse was Gabarit, owned by P. F. Stejskal, and the third, Norbert, also owned by Count Radoslav Zdenko Kinsky, was ridden by the Countess Brandis, a relation of the Kinsky family.

Countess Brandis has now ridden in this race three times, once in 1927, when she finished fifth; once in 1930, fourth; and this year third—a great performance, and I feel sure everyone will wish this gallant lady better luck next year. The Countess Immaculata Brandis is about thirty-five, and through her grandmother (Brandis-Kinsky) is a relation of the Kinsky family. She is the daughter of Count Leopold Brandis, who died four years ago, and has ridden ever since she was a child, principally in the country.

I am interested in this steeplechase because in my younger days Prince (then Count) Karl Kinsky was my beau ideal of what a gentleman rider should be, and it was a proud day for me when I was presented to him by the late Lord Bill Beresford, for whom he rode a winner on the flat in old Calcutta times. Many years later I met two other members of the family: the Countess Ernestine Kinsky who married Herr von Rottauscher, who was an attaché of the Austrian Consulate in India. She is now a widow living in Vienna, and Count Ernest Kinsky, who I am glad to hear, is still alive and about seventy years of age, is living at the Castle Matzen in Austria. Prince Karl Kinsky ("Zoedone") was Count Ernest Kinsky's second cousin, a cadet of a younger line in which the title was hereditary. He succeeded to this title in 1904. Count Radoslav Zdenko Kinsky, owner of Pohanka, is of the older line. The head of this family is his father, Count Zdenko Kinsky, who lives at Chlumec n/Cidl, in Czecho-Slovakia. Count Zdenko Kinsky married Princess Festetics, a sister of Prince Tassillo Festetics, who married Lady Mary Hamilton, a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton. Count Radoslav Zdenko Kinsky is a nephew of Prince "Zoedone" and is a member of the Directorium of the Slovak Jockey Club.



WITH THE BUCCLEUCH NEAR MELROSE

Luggerton

In this group are: Mr. Bell-Irving, father of the Countess of Lauderdale, Viscount Maitland, Lord Lauderdale's son, Lady Lauderdale, Lady Sylvia Maitland, and some others. Melrose, of course, links up with all sorts of troublesome magicians of the past, Michael Scott amongst them, and Thomas the Rhymer, who still lives in the Eildon Hills "along of" the "Faerie Queen"

1914-18—shall we be so glad to open the back door of our houses and let the Old Year out before we open the front one to let the New Year in. The Old Year has done every mortal thing he can to give us a real bad time—and I speak not only of the financial trouble he has piled on us—for his weather and general behaviour were both just as bad as could be. The New Year can do nothing worse. And, anyway, we have not got our tails down and have not the slightest intention of letting it happen whatever our numerous "kind friends" not so very far off would like to see!

Then Esperance! Hope on, the fight
Is never lost, while fight we may:
And the darkest hour of all the night
Is that which brings us day.

The interesting pictures of the Grand Steeplechase of Pardubice (Pardubitz, when it was a part of Austria in pre-War times), which appear in this issue, are drawn by Mr. Charles Joseph Bujnak, who is the Czecho-Slovak Consul in London and, as will be observed, is a very good amateur. This steeplechase course is rated second only to our own Grand National at Aintree in point of stiffness, and the Grand Steeplechase has been going since 1874, with a break during the War, and some others when it has been held up by frost in October—the month in which it is run. From the descriptions which I have had given me, and the actual measurements of the fences, it can be no exaggeration to say that this course is a very formidable one indeed. The race was won this year by Pohanka, owned by Count Radoslav Zdenko Kinsky, a nephew of



MR. SIDNEY ORTON AND SOME OF HIS LONG DOGS

The famous greyhound trainer who has broken his last year's winning record of 315 by one. He won the Burhills Kennels Plate with Grandiflora, this being his 316th win

THE R.A.F. BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS



AMONGST THOSE WE NOTICED—BY FRED MAY

A kaleidoscopic impression of the Royal Air Force Boxing Championships which were held at Henlow for the Wakefield Trophy, of which Henlow were the holders. Major-General Sir Percy Cox (of Mesopotamia) presented the prizes, the gift of Lord Wakefield, to the winners and had a few (much deserved) kind words for each hero. There was good fighting both days, with Henlow turning out winners with 21 points, followed by Duxford with 18 points. The officers' team was captained and coached by Flight-Lieutenant G. Beamish, the Irish International, who also led the Leicester and Midlands rugby team that defeated the Springboks the other week. Halton put up a good fight and secured the Open Trophy. The R.A.F. at Henlow is commanded by Group Captain W. C. Hicks, A.F.C. (an ex-naval C.O.), and a very distinguished gathering foraged as will no doubt be understood by those who are well up in the air.



Miss Enid Wilson, our Open Champion, with two famous American golfers, who have many friends in this country, namely, Mrs. Glenna Collett-Vare and (right) Miss Helen Hicks, this year's winner of the American Women's National Championship. Though Miss Wilson's gallant adventuring across the Atlantic did not bring the hoped for results, she enjoyed every moment of her trip

HERE is news, all in the middle of the dead season, when not very many people are trying to extract balls from the mud, and still fewer are returning any cards fit to talk about, or playing any matches worthy of a pen scratch. The South-Eastern Division is to have its own Championship! The date is the week of June 13, and the venue is Thorndon Park, a ballot having given to Essex the honour of being the first county the event should visit. The luck of the draw was really more discriminating than usual, for the Challenge Cup for the event is being given by Mrs. Ormsby Cooke, who has been associated so closely and for so long with that county. Handicaps are to be limited to nine, there is a qualifying round, and thirty-two will play in the match play stages. All of which is most businesslike and orthodox, and duly apt to ferret out the best player in the South-Eastern Division.

This is assuming that the best players are keen and willing to compete. There has been a certain amount of criticism beforehand. Budding players in the South-Eastern Division, so argued some critics, needed no encouragement as they might in other divisions; the best of golf always lay at their doors; the South-Eastern Division Championship could not be much stiffer than the Championship of, say, Kent or Middlesex; and as for the topmost players, such a thing would only be a repetition on a small scale of the Open or the English Championship, and the calendar was already overcrowded. So much for the opposition; may I hasten to add that, whilst following these arguments, the sentiments are not my own.

Yet I surely agree that the calendar is very overcrowded. If a first-class player of a South-Eastern county has played in, shall we say, the Northern Foursomes, the Ranelagh International Meeting, the One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes, her own county Championship as well as county matches, the match against the United States which is provisionally billed for the end of May at a course near London, our own International matches and the Open Championship, a sprinkling of open meetings—if after all this anybody has the energy or the pennies to go in for a South-Eastern Championship and then go over to play France in the International match on July 2, and probably to stay on and compete in the French Championship—then the

Eve at GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

modern golfer needs sympathy from no one, either on the score of endurance or money. She must indeed have plenty of both at her command, and a good deal more breath than I have at the end of that sentence.

The crowding of the calendar is of course an acute problem, and it is open to doubt whether the really topmost notchers will play in this new South-Eastern Championship, but there are always a certain number of promising players just coming on who may have been hardly used in their county Championship who will thirst for another opportunity to show of what stuff they are made. The cynic naturally will snift superiorly if one of these champions in the making becomes an actual South-Eastern champion, and will hasten to point out all the big names absent from the list of entrants. But the young ones will gain plenty of experience, some will gain confidence, others will have conceit knocked out of them. No, I cannot help feeling that the South-East have done perfectly right in starting a Championship of their own. The only pity seems to be that the date clashes with the "Britannia and Eve" Scottish Foursomes, for which many Londoners had already planned a trip to Cruden Bay.

Talking of trips, Miss Enid Wilson is of course back again from her lone adventure to the other side of the Atlantic, and if you really want to be interested I can suggest no better entertainment for any of her friends than to make Miss Wilson sit down, show you her photographs, and tell you her experiences. The great difficulty of playing golf in America seems to be the judging of distances. To under-club hopelessly is a sore temptation in that clear atmosphere when 300 yards looks like a mashie shot but plays like a good full beat with a wooden club—and then some.

But what would the hitting of the shots signify to one if one had seen the Grand Canyon or the Pacific Coast? Another week some of Miss Wilson's photographs must find their way into this page. Perhaps not only of California, but of all those good friends of ours whom she met on the other side: Mrs. Fraser, who apparently still hits the ball as perfectly as she did that year when, as Miss Alexa Stirling, she was the complete rage over here; Miss Marion Hollins, who has not forgotten how to laugh in spite of all her mighty dealings in real estate and golf courses; Miss Rosamund Sherwood; Mrs. Glenna Collett-Vare; and a host of others. There are many friends here wanting to see them all again.



Two noted veterans: Mrs. Bethell of Woodcote Park and Mrs. Mungo Park, who belongs to Royal Musselburgh. The latter holds the Veteran's Championship, and last year, with her daughter, reached the semi-finals of "Britannia and Eve's" Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry

A FLYING DINNER AT HESTON

MR. B. HANSTOCK, CAPTAIN J. TAYLOR, AND
MR. H. T. TOVELL ("UNCLE")

CAPTAIN V. H. BAKER, M.C., LORD WALERAN, AND A. N. OTHER



MR. J. W. FITZWILLIAM AND MR. GEOFFREY MAHONEY



THE HON. LEO RUSSELL AND MR. N. M. S. RUSSELL



MR. NIGEL NORMAN AND LIEUT.-COMMANDER COLSON, R.N.

MR. RODDY DERMAN, MR. GORDON SELFREDGE, JUN., AND
MR. JOHN PARKES

An informal dinner was recently given at Heston to all those flying people who centre their aerial activities around this popular spot. This was the first function of this kind given since Heston has blossomed forth from the status of an air park to that of an air port, and was attended by many air-minded guests, some of whom, naturally, arrived by the quickest way and the one they know best. Civil aviation and the private ownership of aircraft have taken a big bound forward in these post-War years, and most particularly recently. The importance of this can scarcely be over-estimated, for although no one wants war, the more air-minded is any nation's civilian population the larger is the possible reserve of pilots in the event of such a devastating calamity as the next war is bound to be

Photographs by Sasha



IN NEW YORK HARBOUR: MISS DIANA WYNYARD
AND MR. ERNEST THESIGER

A snapshot aboard the SS. "Aquitania" on her arrival in New York Harbour. Miss Diana Wynyard and Mr. Ernest Thesiger are booked to play in some American productions—or productions in America perhaps it would be more correct to say

The Lights.

ONE of the few things connected with motoring about which (thank the Lord) there has been no recent legislation, and consequently on which one can speak one's mind without running any serious risk, is the matter of lighting. The last Minister of Transport (to whom we ought to be quite a lot grateful) came to the conclusion that this was a problem that would solve itself, if it were given a reasonable time, but that was only as far as the lights on motor vehicles were concerned. Not a little of the trouble which comes upon us, in the shape of bills of mortality is, I think, associated with the way in which roads are lighted. Take, for example, the condition of the Great West Road on a slightly foggy, wet evening, when, of course, everybody is in a hurry to get home. To keep up a tolerable average speed for the first few miles of it you want eyesight far beyond the ordinary. Even old Sam Weller's specification for vision would hardly be adequate. You face almost innumerable red lights which may be (i) those vehicles in front, (ii) those denoting road repairs, (iii) those signifying "lighthouses." There is, in fact, a regular blur of red lights. Then there are blazing floodlights, fixed high up above the road, which produce a serpentine glare which it is very hard indeed to distinguish from the effect of oncoming head-lamps. Given a nice reflection from a well-polished and suitably wet road surface the general impression is that of a lurid Brock's benefit. And the result is that where the lights are profuse you have to cut down your speed to the merest crawl, or else frankly admit that you do not know quite where you are going. Now it seems to me that this flood-lighting of main roads, upon which so many councils are enthusiastic, is the most fatuous thing in the world. I am much mistaken if it helps either the pedestrian or the cyclist. As for the former he would prefer (according to my first-hand information) old-fashioned gas-lamps every fifty yards, instead of five million candle-power comets every half-mile. Now you are to know that there are two parts of the Great West Road. It is only the nearer-town moiety that looks like pre-war Earl's Court gone riotous, the second half is (unless my observation deceives me) completely unlit, and it is

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON.

upon this second half, although it is narrower, that speeds rule much safer and higher. That is simply because even supposing you have the poorest head-lamps, you can see what you are doing. You are not confounded with blinking red nor with bloody ruby. You can instantly see the difference between a car and a refuge. I have yapped with so many people who use the Great West Road that I know my opinion about it is not isolated. All who use this extravagantly lighted thoroughfare seem to be agreed that if all the lights were put out (bloodsome or otherwise) it would be infinitely the better. The plain truth is that road-lighting *per se* is never any help to a motorist. On the other hand, it rather leads to his confusion. Nor do I think that a plethora of various lights can help anyone who goes afoot. More than once I have had to cross the Great West, and the luminaries in both directions have been so confusing that I have had to pause minutes before I could make out what was which. Lorry drivers have often requested me in their characteristic language to "put those — lights out." I pass the hint on to the Middlesex County Council and to those who share their authority. Plunge the Great West Road, or any other over-lighted by-pass, into outer darkness, and I will make a bet that accidents are reduced by 50 per cent.

Oh Lor'!

IN the laws of any land, however well governed, there will always be solely sillicisms or silly solecisms, and some poor pilgrim will have to languish, the victim of what should never have existed. Now in respect of fairness the legislators of this country have always enjoyed a high reputation, indeed they have often been described as the envy of the rest of the world. Evidently, however, they sometimes drop bricks. For example, the other day a motorist, seeing the traffic lights in Oxford Street against him pulled up, but when he had come to a stop he had gone eight yards past the transverse white line. Haled before a magistrate, he was convicted and fined. About the same time another motorist, this time in Huddersfield, did precisely the same thing. He also was haled before a Bench. But the stipendiary found that the ruby, the blue, and the amber signal lights contravened the Road Traffic Act, and thus that the wilting defendant before him was guilty of no offence. Whereby he was instantly discharged. Good luck to the defendant, say I, who in any event would always have my sympathy. But could there be a more absurd state of affairs? I have been to the expense of consulting a solicitor upon this business, and although he is supposed to have specialized for years upon highway law, he is ready to confess that he is nonplussed. He admits that in either case he would be as ready to appear for the pursued as for the pursuant. He can put a fat forefinger upon ever so many paragraphs of Acts and Statutes and Orders in Council and Regulations and By-laws, but they all seem to contradict one another. At the end of our consultation he could only say, "I advise you, as a motorist, to live in Yorkshire." Which is excellent counsel, but not worth paying for, since I have had it gratis so often in former times. Still, I mean to say, this is a question of some little importance. White lines and gamboge lines and lemon lines are being painted all over the place, and there is not a motorist who drives into London but must ask himself, "Am I supposed to obey these absurdities or no?" Who can doubt that they are absurdities when they are marked down the centre of a turnpike that will take six cars abreast? As for the Robot light signals, I admit myself a coward. I avoid them as far as I possibly can. That hectic race whilst the amber glares does not please me at all, for I have a regard for my immaculate wings, if others have not. And even a biggish saloon gives one the impression of being a very small and vulnerable thing amongst a Rodeo of buses and lorries. Manifestly the scheme of changing lights is correct in principle, and by all accounts it works quite reasonably well. But I find myself compelled to ask "How long will it last?" Even supposing that it fills present requirements (which is doubtful) is it conceivable that it can answer those of the future? Even now when things are easy, I take it that a coloured light area is a thing above all others to avoid. Thus, whilst I commend the public spirit of the stipendiary of Huddersfield, I shall nevertheless hold that this well-known Yorkshire watering-place is to be avoided when on pleasure bent.

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The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

What Women are Wearing.

A FASHION that has come into being without the least fuss is that of the tailored suit accompanied by a decorative blouse which may or may not terminate at the waist. Lady Hillingdon recently wore an ensemble of this character at the Ritz; the shirt was of a peculiar, nevertheless attractive colour like the inside of a baked apple; she had discarded her mink coat. Mrs. Peter Horlick was lunching with her husband and Lady Veronica Blackwood a few days before the latter's marriage to Mr. Hornby; Lady Veronica's dress was of a deep brown shade, a

Felt makes the *béret* on the right with its modish quill of the same fabric; it may be seen at Woollands, and so may the *béret* on the left with its amusing Velasquez halo, in which felt and petersham share honours. See p. ii



Margaret Barry has taxed a new version of the time-honoured pilot cloth for the creation of the coat (of which two views are given); a lighter weight makes the jumper suit. See p. ii



green scarf being draped round the neck-line; the sleeves were of interest as they were of the leg-o'-mutton character wrinkled from the wrist to nearly the shoulders, where they were finished with small puffs; she had discarded her hat as well as her mink coat. Mrs. Peter Horlick was wearing a black skirt and a white satin blouse—the latter fastened under her left arm—the sleeves being tight-fitting; while everyone must have envied her jade necklace. She carried a black and white chiffon handkerchief, a green powder puff being concealed in another handkerchief of the same shade. Mrs. St. George and her daughter appeared in Persian lamb coats.

The Small Hat.

Although hats are small an attempt is being made to resuscitate the narrow brim which turns sharply upon one side. Lady Alexandra was recently seen in Bond Street in a very high-crowned, black-quilted satin affair with a particularly amusing little brim; it was reminiscent of the time-honoured postillion. Lady Blandford is among those who have accepted the vogue for coats and skirt; on the brim of her hat she arranges a Life-guard's brooch. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid looks perfectly charming in her black ensemble; the small shoulder-cape is outlined with ermine, and her hat which terminates in a point on the forehead is caught with a diamond brooch; her barrel muff is of ermine. Evidently emerald-green is a favourite colour of Miss Sonia Converse, as she has a delightful outfit reinforced with a small cape; she is one of those who look well in a skull cap; she knows the correct angle of adjusting it; it is an admirable foil for her flaxen hair. It must be related that Chinese red toenails have appeared.



An indication of what will be worn in the Spring is represented in this felt hat from Woollands; the mother-o'-pearl pin is an important feature

A New Colour.

It was at the Batt that a georgette dress of the new strawberry pulp shade was seen; it was really a study in points, the corsage portion finished in a point, and so did the train which just cleared the ground; there was another point at the hem in front, which was quite 2 in. off the ground; a velvet cape of the same shade increased its charm. Another dress demonstrated the vogue for lace, high necks, and tight-fitting sleeves for evening wear. The lower portion of the dress was of black velvet; it fitted perfectly over the hips, the upper portion being of champagne rose lace; it was moulded to the figure so that it gave a nude effect. Another interesting dress was carried out in black satin, and was accompanied with a loose white lace jacket innocent of sleeves, the back being

(Continued on p. ii)

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

arranged with cross-over braces. It is not likely that the simuli window note will become general, nevertheless it is ultra smart. It was present in a brilliant red satin frock, the diamond shaped hiatus just below the normal waistline being filled in with what looked like snow-white patent leather.

Two Frocks and Twelve Coatees.

Margaret Barry has such faith in the prosperous career of the evening coatee, that she declares that women who wish to be smart and at the same time economize should have two frocks and twelve coatees; I am sure that everyone will "fall" to those that she is showing in her artistic salons, 64, New Bond Street, W. There are no two alike; evidently every type of figure has been taken into consideration. There are those of the Empire genre that terminate some inches above the normal waist-line; they are the most attractive things imaginable—naturally they are for the slender woman; there are others that come well down over the hips; again there are some with dolman sleeves and, in others, the cowl drapery is introduced at the back.

Pilot Cloth that is Different.

It is on fashions for the early Spring races that Miss Barry is really focusing her attention. Surely nothing could be more desirable and distinctive than the coat of the military character pictured on p. 524. It is made of marine blue pilot cloth; it bears little resemblance to the pre-war fabric known by that name. It is light and warm, indeed there is an elusive ice wool effect about it; it is lined with cashmere tweed showing a fancy design. The jumper suit is of the same colour and material; the latter of a lighter weight. Miss Barry declares that the true coat and skirt is coming into its own again and that it will be accompanied with a decorative blouse of silk or satin. And the fourth piece of the outfit will be a top coat or short fur coat; the shoulders will be broad and the hips slender. Velours de coton is a favourite fabricating medium with her, the coats being lined with crêpe de chine; they must be double-breasted with patch pocket and scarves, the colour schemes of which suggest patchwork.

Felt Will Remain in Favour.

Although women are not following the sun to the Riviera they are replenishing

their wardrobes for the Cornish Riviera and Scotland as well as other fashionable resorts. Appreciating this fact Woollands, Knightsbridge, are showing the advance of their Spring headgear. The trio of models pictured on p. 524 are 2½ guineas each; they are decidedly smart and becoming. The model on the right of the page in the group is expressed in felt, and so is the quill. By the way, notable hairdressers are making a feature of "side-pieces" of hair for wearing with hats of this character. The hat on the left is also of felt, an important feature being the Velasquez halo expressed in felt and petersham. The

model on the extreme right of the page is of felt with a mother-o'-pearl pin; note the square crown and the attractive way in which the brim is arranged.

For Sports and Country Wear.

Never has there been a time when modes for sports and country wear have received greater attention. To-day, Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, are making a feature of tweed coats with fur collars, lined throughout, for 12 guineas; one of these finds pictorial expression on this page. Also illustrated is a practical golfing outfit; the skirt is of tweed, and the jacket, with lightning fastener, is of suède trimmed with tweed; the suit is 11 guineas, or the jacket alone is 7½ guineas. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that they excel in ready-to-wear suits for 7½ guineas, or made-to-measure for 8½ guineas, and the ulsters, well, they are only 5 guineas.

Petticoats for Bridge and Motoring.

Women who suffer from the cold and at all costs are determined to maintain a slender silhouette will be delighted to hear that Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W., have created a special petticoat which is very lightly, nevertheless warmly, quilted at the hem and in the vicinity of the knees, it is perfectly shaped over the hips, and is made in their own workrooms. It is expressed in artificial crêpe de chine, and is available for 29s. 6d.; the vogue for short coats has made it a necessity, not a luxury. There are princess models of a similar character; naturally they cost more. By the way, plain princess petticoats of crêpe de chine and satin are 20s.

The Mission of the Beautiform.

Many women are asking what is a "Beautiform," and the answer to that question is a garment that has been designed on hygienic and scientific principles by Madame Maude, of Beautiform, 91A, Baker Street (entrance in Crawford Street). In the first instance it supports the figure without compression, and then reduces, persuading superfluous tissue to pass away. In other words it creates harmony of proportions. The bugbear of women as they advance in years, that ugly ridge over the shoulders, is eliminated; the breasts are cleverly supported, and the hips are transformed. Poise is given to the figure.



A FASHIONABLE COAT AND JUMPER SUIT

The former is available in a variety of tweeds reinforced with a fur collar, while the jumper of the latter is of suède and the skirt of tweed. At Kenneth Durward's, Conduit Street



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The articles mentioned below are a few examples only.

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MRS. A. J. CARLOW

The daughter of Mr. James M. Strain of 6, Devonshire Gardens, Glasgow, who was married on December 9 to Mr. Alfred James Carlow. She is a well-known West of Scotland golfer

St. Margaret's, Westminster; and a February wedding is the one arranged between Mr. Peter Crossman and Miss Monica Barnett, which takes place in London.

Abroad.

The engagement was announced recently, and the marriage will shortly take place in South Africa, between Mr. Alan T. Mears and Miss Betty Rogerson; on January 5, Lieutenant John H. Buckley, R.N., H.M.S. *Orway*, and Miss Mary Jeannette Spurgeon are being married in Malta; Mr. Kenneth Agar and Miss Dorothy Drever have fixed January 14 for their marriage in Montevideo.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. David Charles Douglas, the only son of Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Douglas of Norwood, and Miss Evelyn Helen Wilson, the only daughter of Dr. Basil M. Wilson, Principal Medical Officer, Jamaica, and Mrs.

Wilson; Mr. Lovell Hillier Benjamin Light, the only son of Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Light of Southminster, Essex, and Miss Ursula Helen Cooper, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles D'O. Cooper of 25, The Grove, Boltons, S.W.; Lieutenant Thomas



MRS. R. E. J. DAUBENY

Whose marriage took place recently to Mr. Reginald E. J. Daubeny, 3rd Carabiniers, the only son of Colonel R. E. Daubeny, C.B.E. She was formerly Miss Pauline Turner, and is the only daughter of Princess Galitzine and the late Mr. Henry S. Turner

Oliver, R.N., the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Oliver of Oak Hill, Bursledon, Hampshire, and Miss Rosemary Graham, the younger daughter of Mr. T. W. Graham, late of Carrington Close, Weymouth; Lieutenant

Henry Maitland King, R.N., the elder son of Major D. M. King of Stanford-in-the-Vale, Berkshire, and of the late Mrs. King of Abbeygate, Bangor-on-Dee, and Miss Barbara Lempiere Wells (Betty), the second daughter of Commander and Mrs. H. L. Wells of H.M. Coastguard Station, Great Yarmouth; Mr. T. ff. Maxwell Darling, Royal Artillery, the elder son of Mrs. Darling of 83, Queen's Gate, S.W., and Miss Yolande Naomi Doveton, the only child of the late Mr. Charles Doveton, I.F.S., and Mrs. Doveton of Lauriston, Crawley; Captain Gerald William McCarthy, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy of Park Hill, Kenilworth, and Miss Cynthia Mary MacWatters, the only daughter of Lieut. Colonel M. R. C. MacWatters, M.B., L.R.C.S.P. (Lon.), F.R.C.S., I.M.S., and Mrs. MacWatters of Agra, U.P., India; Mr. Douglas Poole Henshaw, the youngest son of Mr. Charles Thomas Arnold Henshaw and Mrs. Henshaw of Colinton, Edinburgh, and Miss Beatrice Betsy MacGilchrist, the only daughter of the late Rev. John MacGilchrist, D.D., of Old Machar, Aberdeen, and Mrs. MacGilchrist, and step-daughter of the late Hon. Mrs. MacGilchrist.



Lafayette

MISS VIOLA C. W. POWLES

Who is to marry Mr. Anthony Delves Isemonger, the son of Mr. Francis Maxwell Isemonger (Uganda Civil Service) of Odiam, Stone, Kent, is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Powles of Rye, Sussex

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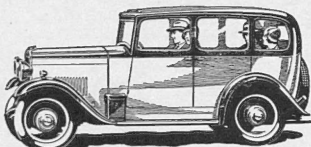
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NEAR MARBLE ARCH

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

"Lots of Water."

SQUADRON-LEADER BERT HINKLER has insulted the Atlantic Ocean. Not content with flying across it non-stop in a light aeroplane he, speaking at the banquet held in honour of the Schneider Trophy victory by the Royal Aero Club at Claridge's, referred to that roaring waste of waters, that terror to seamen, that unforgiving monster, that greatest, strongest, and most relentless giant in Nature as—note please the awful accuracy of it—a "lot of water." That was his only reference to his flight over it. We heard no accounts of Bert battling with the elements; but we heard simply that, while he had been flying about the world, he happened to notice from the cabin windows of his Puss Moth a "lot of water."

The phrase is a criticism of the man. Bert does not dramatize the Atlantic Ocean or anything else. He does not see it as a fire-breathing dragon waiting to devour him; or as some grim and gigantic charnel-house full of the bones of dead sailors and haunted by innumerable wailing ghosts. No. He sees it through his eyes of realism as a "lot of water."

Aviation has too long been the servant of those who court publicity. And Hinkler has gained the esteem of all who fly through his refusal to dramatize himself or his actions. He is an airman first, an inventor second, an engineer third, a mechanic fourth, a speaker fifth, and a publicist nowhere. He should now be invested with the highest order in the British hierarchy, the Order of the Nickname.

Bert is what he is known as, and it fits him. For, as someone pointed out of H. G. Wells, in his different sphere he is the Super Man-in-the-Street, the best of Berts. We have our gloomy Deans, our flying débutantes, and our flying Dutchmen; we have our cast-iron Stainforths (though surely it ought to be our steel Stainforths), so we ought to have our something Hinklers. One might even invite a verse to him beginning Hinkle, Hinkle, little Bert. . . .



CAPTAIN C. WINTER

A popular member of D. Napier and Son, the famous aero-engine firm which made the engine fitted to the Fairey long-range monoplane, a machine with which the R.A.F. will shortly attack the world's distance record. The snap was taken at Hanworth Aerodrome

Mr. Montague Norman owes his reputation among the vulgar—among those to whom money is still money, hard to handle and hard to come by, and not merely rows of figures—to his extreme reticence; to his lying low and saying "nuffin." Hinkler might claim as great a reputation from flying high and saying "nuffin."

* * *

Schneider Echoes.

The Duke of Atholl presided at the Aero Club banquet and Sir Robert Maclean, Mr. Sidgreaves, Lieut.-Colonel Moore-Brabazon, and Sir John Salmond spoke among others. I liked in particular the speeches of Squadron-Leader Orlebar and the French Ambassador, M. Fleuriat. Squadron-Leader Orlebar's was to the point and of just the right length. M. Fleuriat exhibited that charming diffidence which makes him so popular over here. He is a great air traveller.

Mr. Sidgreaves raised the question as to whether it would not be of value to start some new air race which, while not being in any way the same sort of thing as the Schneider Trophy, should carry on the work that race did in stimulating progress.

* * *

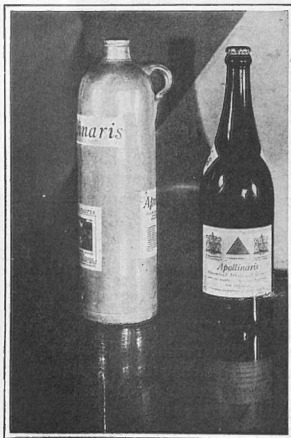
Hanworth.

An autogiro developments are proceeding rapidly at Hanworth. When I called there the other day I found two autogiros going round and round in the manner of Club Moths doing landings. The Master of Sempill was there testing his new tail-wheel fitting for his Puss Moth. Tail wheels will, without doubt, replace tail skids on all aircraft of the future. This has been accepted for years, but the tail wheel necessitates reliable wheel-brakes, and so its coming has had to depend upon the production of satisfactory brakes. Now that the brakes have come, the tail wheel will not be long delayed. As the Master of Sempill remarked, an ordinary tail skid is not an aeronautical fitting but an agricultural implement!

For the light machines designed for cheapness, however, wheel-brakes and therefore tail-wheels must wait. A greater need is to reduce the price, and it will only be when big-scale series production allows overhead charges to be spread out much more than they are now.

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The key to the central figures in the page of caricatures on p. 519 of this issue at the R.A.F. Boxing Championships at Henlow for the Wakefield Trophy is as follows: (1) Wing-Comdr. V. Rees, O.B.E.; (2) Group Captain W. C. Hicks, A.F.C., C.O. Henlow; (3) Sqdn.-Leader A. E. Pettingell, hon. sec. R.A.F. Boxing Association; (4) Wing-Comdr. R. Mounsey, O.B.E.; (5) Air-Commodore MacEwen, C.M.G.; (6) Sqdn.-Leader R. F. S. Leslie, D.S.C., D.F.C., A.F.C., hon. treasurer; (7) Air-Marshal Sir Edward Ellington; (8) Air-Marshal A. E. Borton, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., A.F.C., President R.A.F. Boxing Association; (9) Flight-Lieutenant D. Adkins; (10) Wing-Comdr. R. G. Parry, D.S.O.; (11) Group-Captain A. V. Bettington, C.M.G.



"POLLY" AND SISTER

Apollinaris, "The Queen of Table Waters," is now available in large and small stone jugs as well as in glass bottles. Not only does it serve the double purpose of being a pleasant and refreshing table water, but it promotes normal digestion and nutrition

"Kelly's Royal Blue Book, Court and Parliamentary Guide, 1932," price 7s. 6d. net, post free, is a reference volume we all want. As is well known this book, which has been issued for over 100 years, gives the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of the occupiers of the better-class private houses in the Western Districts of London. The area covered may roughly be taken as that bounded by: Hampstead on the North, the Chelsea Reaches of the Thames on the South, Bloomsbury on the East, and West Kensington on the West. The recent General Election has necessitated the complete revision of the Parliamentary Lists. These contain a complete record of the changes which have taken place. One list contains the names of Members of Parliament with the constituency which each represents; the other gives the names of Members under their respective constituencies. Much useful information is given with regard to the Royal Households, the Ministry, the House of Lords; the Government Offices, with the names of the principal officials; the Principal Clubs, etc.

On December 28 a magnificent ball is taking place at Monte Carlo. It is called "La Nuit des Etoiles," and the scene will be one to stir the imagination and charm the senses. Among the many attractions will be Les 25 Ingénues, Eddy Peabody, Stone and Vernon, and a wonderful ballet. The production is organized by Jean Le Seyer, and will be the event of the season.

Let's Quikref Diaries have just put on the market an electrical diary, edited by E. Mallett, which is full of interesting data; another is the Shaftesbury Diary and register of sporting and social events.

Christmas in the Car Park—cont. from p. 494-6

"You're making this up, mother. They're not coming out to-night. And if they did, they wouldn't sit out in your musty old body."

"Hush!" commanded the Family Bus. "Here they come."

A stream of yellow light fell across the car park, there were ripples of human laughter, and a car door slammed. Not a tappet stirred.

The old Family Bus sighed happily.

"They're going to be married, and they're never, never going to forget the old bus. And I'm to take the bride to the wedding."

"Pooh!" sniffed the Limousine. "They'll forget all about your help in a day or two. And some rich uncle will buy 'em a new 6-cylinder and you'll be sent to the Used —"

"We'll all end there, dearie," sighed the Family Bus. "But I don't care. I've had a long and useful life, and none of us can keep on for ever."



MIRIAM SABBAGE—PRINCIPAL BOY

As she appears in "The Babes in the Wood," the pantomime which is at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, this year, and has got well away

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Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.



Stop that cold with



Colds are caused by disease germs breathed into the respiratory tract at a time when the victim is "below par," and lacks the vitality to resist them. It is Nature's way to bring a disease through germs. It is equally natural to get rid of the disease by destroying the germs at their point of entry into the system. The inhaling of the antiseptic vapour, Vapex, at the first onset of a cold cleanses the mucous membrane of the breathing passages, and thus attacks the cold at its source.

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Mr. C. H. Willi, of 40, Baker Street, W.1, the well-known Pioneer in Plastic Cosmetic Surgery, said in a recent lecture in which he introduced a number of treated cases that "if the Public knew of the miraculous results which he achieves in making the face permanently beautiful in a few days, his Consulting Rooms would be stormed." Mr. Willi is here seen restoring the facial beauty of a well-known London Actress, by his new electric method. Free consultations are given.

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PAPER



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Here is a selection

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A NEW "PHILADELPHIAN"

Sibelius's world-famous tone poem with all its power and its drama portrayed by one of the world's greatest orchestras, conducted by Stokowski.

FINLANDIA. Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra DB1584 6/-

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Seventeen years ago Britons marched to war to these tunes. Here they are again served up in true 1931 style.

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Vocal gems are still among the most popular of all records, whilst "Faust" is surely the most popular of all operas. This record is undoubtedly one of the stars of the December list.

FAUST—Vocal Gems. Grand Opera Company C2290 4/-

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A lusty, vigorous, inspiring record of old English hunting songs... together with a batch of the kind of melodies that English folk have always sung and always will sing.

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A brilliant recording of four exquisite gems exquisitely sung by the most famous of all church choirs. Listen particularly for the delicious treble of the boy soloist in "Lullaby."

SEE AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW: CHRISTMAS LULLABY. LULLAY MY LIKING: THERE IS NO ROSE OF SUCH VIRTUE. Temple Church Choir. B3976 2/6

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